

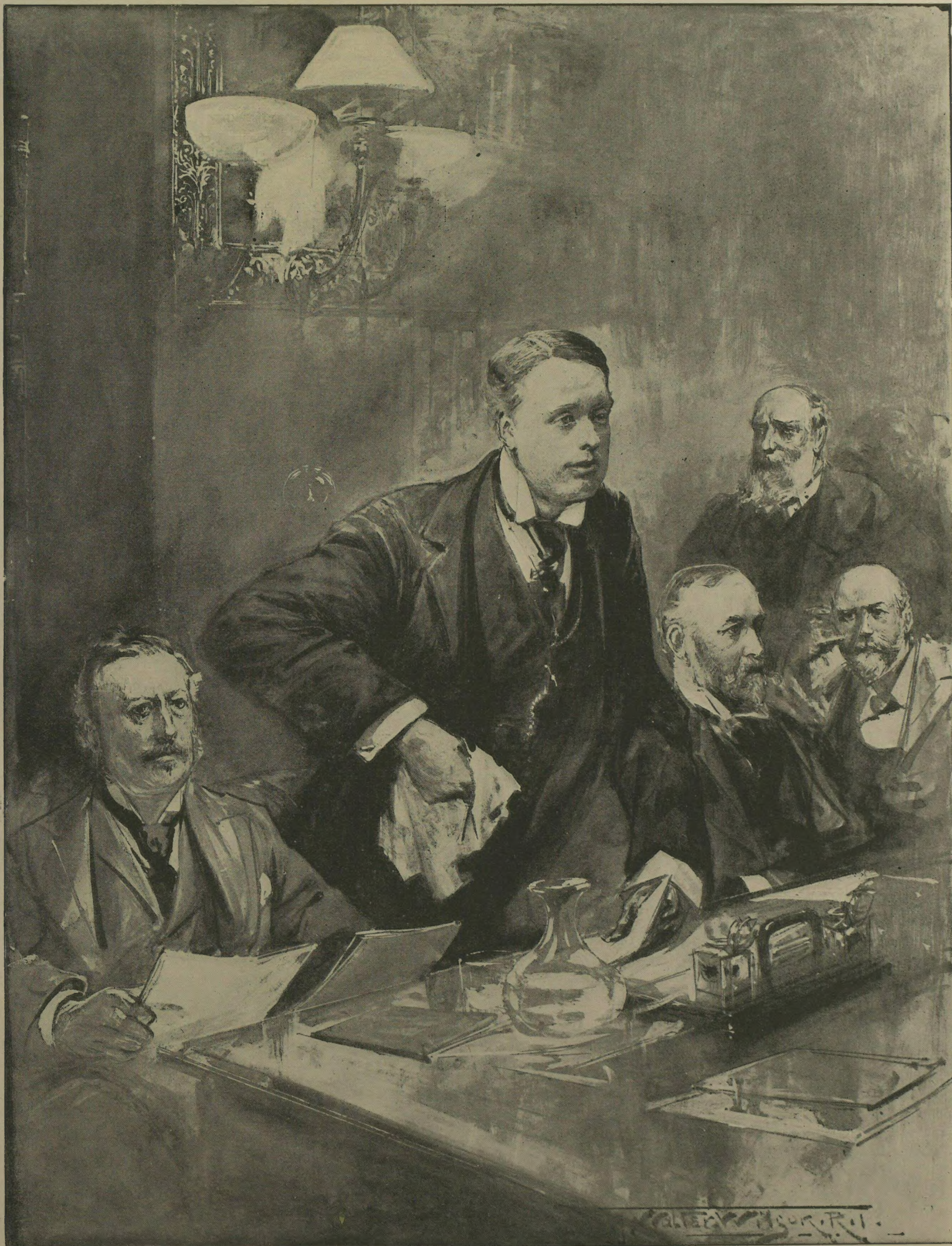
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.



THE POSITION OF THE LIBERAL PARTY: LORD ROSEBERY SPEAKING AT THE CITY LIBERAL CLUB, JULY 19.

DRAWN BY T. WALTER WILSON.

*"I do not yet despair of seeing the Liberal Party—or some such party, because if the Liberal Party will not undertake it the matter is of such necessity that some party will create itself—I do not despair of seeing the Liberal Party, purged from all anti-national elements, and confident, therefore, of the support of the country in regard to Imperial and foreign questions of policy, proceeding in the work of domestic reform."*—EXTRACT FROM THE "TIMES" REPORT OF LORD ROSEBERY'S SPEECH.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Fond delusions die hard. Mr. Steyn, flying from General Broadwood in his nightshirt, left behind him documents that show the Boer commanders to have been in sore despondency in May. Some of them, including Louis Botha, counselled surrender. Steyn protested with vigour, declared that "English papers" proved us to be wavering, and that the Boer delegates in Europe must have positive assurance of foreign intervention, or they would not stay there. Mr. Kruger confirmed this view in his famous message, and so the weary burghers were drugged again. It would be uncivil to conjecture the names of the "English papers" that have comforted Mr. Steyn; but I have read in a certain "ethical" journal a grave remonstrance against the publication of this "private correspondence." When the enemy bolts in his shirt, and abandons his despatch-box, it is barbarous to publish the contents to exhibit the straits he is in. Such are the new ethics of war. Why not carry them a little further, and gibbet the alert Broadwood as a monster of infamy for disturbing Mr. Steyn's slumbers, and forcing him to cling like Mazeppa to a barebacked steed?

Even this does not exhaust General Broadwood's misdemeanours. At a blow he has destroyed two beloved assumptions. One is that the Boer cannot be caught napping by a British officer, the other that the policy of the "concentration" camps is futile. Time was when the Boers knew every movement of the troops, because the civilian population kept them well informed. Now that population is housed in the camps there is nobody to keep Mr. Steyn wide awake. The more you examine it, the more scandalous Broadwood's achievement becomes. That outrage on Mr. Steyn's privacy actually sustains the argument for hammering the Boers into unconditional surrender. They have taken another lease of obstinacy, but it is based entirely on the fraudulent pretence that Europe is going to intervene. This is just as likely as that the anti-war party in this country will refuse to pay income-tax. In May the Transvaal commandants complained of failing ammunition. Evidently they were unable to find the British cartridges buried by the heroic Snyman, who has been telling American audiences that there were enough to prolong the war for two years more. I wonder whether American curiosity still pays its dollars to listen to Mr. Snyman, and whether he cherishes the hope that he will be invited to lead the armies of the Republic to the invasion of Canada.

A Swiss lieutenant, one of the disillusioned foreigners who fought for the Boers, says that they became very cool towards their allies as the prospects of intervention began to fade. Every volunteer was burdened with the moral obligation of his country to step in and save the beautiful ideal of liberty that Mr. Kruger had established with the help of monopolies and bribes. Switzerland did not follow in the wake of Lieutenant Pache. France declined to avenge Villebois de Mareuil. The German Emperor would not imitate the Teuton warriors who went out to fight the English. This surprising apathy, says Lieutenant Pache, led the Boers to "despise" their disinterested comrades from over the sea. To the sublime egotism of the Boer, Europe has no excuse for living, save as his champion. He is giving her another chance. Let the nations assemble, and sternly bid England to forbear. Let them pay heed to the romantic Ouida, whose eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, sees Olive Schreiner prisoned in a wire netting and terrorised by bloodthirsty sentries. Let them assemble fleets and armies, and force the hateful English to withdraw from South Africa. If they will not do this for the love of ethics, then the Boers will not behave nicely to foreign volunteers like Lieutenant Pache, who has gone home to Switzerland in disgust.

Somebody has commended to the readers of the *Spectator*, as a domestic pet, a very lively animal called the kinkajou; but another correspondent of that journal, who knows the creature well, is unable to praise his habits without reserve. He is very violent, even when playful, and his method of play is to scratch and bite. He chooses the evening for this sport, and in the dead of the night he is so restless in his cage that it is difficult to sleep within earshot. When in a good humour, he tears about the house, and, being very fond of flowers and scent, he achieves many breakages in order to get at them. If you endeavour to restrain him, he is very angry, and if you are unwilling to join in the fun, he is infuriated by your neglect. Your disposition inclines you to treat him kindly, without countenancing his depredations, or allowing him to be master of the household. Probably the neighbours, who enjoy his antics at your expense, think your discipline is rather harsh; and you may be sure that the kinkajou would welcome their intervention to secure his complete independence. Having kept many domestic pets in your time, you may apply yourself earnestly to the task of training him, and subduing his undoubted energy to a useful course of life. But you must expect to be denounced as a brutal despot by people whose idea of educating a kinkajou is to let him smash as many things as he pleases.

Novelists have already turned the war to account as a background; none so skilfully as Mrs. Henry Norman in "Love and His Mask." This book touches many fine chords, and the finest is the sense of public duty in national emergency, as distinguished from the war spirit that proclaims itself in "inexplicable dumb-shows and noise." The story is concerned with South Africa only incidentally; its main interest is the portraiture of a woman, very subtly and tenderly done, and, to man's imperfect comprehension of this theme, illuminating and surprising. But there is nothing so moving in the book as the picture of the old man, whose only son has volunteered for the war. It reminds me of a very touching incident after one of the earlier battles. An admiral whose only son fell in that fight called on the Secretary for War to thank him for having given the young man the opportunity of dying for his country. In old Lord Bracebridge, bidding farewell to his boy, burns the same spirit, though he is over ninety, and his mind wanders a little. He thinks of the lad's dead mother. "God keep our lad, Mary—ay, or take him. . . . King and Country (he returned insensibly to his own early days), my boy; your life belongs to them, under God. . . . You'll see her first, perhaps. She'll say I've done well. . . . We've all been soldiers, and always the one kind of soldier. It is right that you should go. Right. King and Country. God bless our boy." I quote but a few words from this beautiful parting. The whole scene, in its fine and delicate simplicity, will impress itself on the mind of every reader.

A correspondent in Nova Scotia is disturbed by hints in the "local papers" that England is "rapidly becoming American." He sends me an extract which shows that "a Manchester ironmonger" delivered himself to a reporter at Washington in these ominous terms: "If we should wake up some morning without a royal family, matters would go on about the same as heretofore." Who shall interpret this dark saying? It may mean that Mr. Pierpont Morgan is about to buy up the ironmongery of Manchester, and that Lancashire will then petition for admission to the American Union. There is a saying in the North that what Lancashire thinks to-day England will think to-morrow. So the royal family might disappear in a single night, leaving the Manchester fire-irons in perfect order. If this view is too alarming for my correspondent the only alternative suggestion I can offer is that the "local papers," in a spirit of waggishness, are trying to make his flesh creep.

I have recently had a visit from an American friend, a dealer in hardware. Before parting, he addressed to me this significant conundrum: "What is the difference between a King of American Trusts and a regular right-down Emperor?" Then he passed through the doorway with a strangely illuminating wink. I have pondered the incident ever since without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. Did he mean that if American hardware should awake one morning and read a proclamation in the newspapers from the Emperor Pierpont I. it would transact its business as usual? I cannot say, but the idea may cause a little flutter in Nova Scotia.

Why is the Board of Trade singled out from the public offices for the special favour of the Muses? Sir Courtenay Boyle, who died the other day, had a pretty taste in letters. So had Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who has just been taken. Mr. Austin Dobson is about to retire from the Board of Trade after a service of more than forty years. He leaves Mr. Edmund Gosse behind him. Both have made literature bloom in the dinginess of Whitehall, though neither has commemorated the Board of Trade as Charles Lamb commemorated India House. This is ungrateful, for there must be some peculiar stimulus at Whitehall to all these literary graces. No other department has them in anything like the same measure. Mild versifiers have emerged from the Foreign Office, but none of great repute. The Treasury ought to give us a Swinburne; but it does not. I know a budding dramatist in the Privy Council Office, and the Post Office is the parent of a brilliant dramatic critic. The Public Record Office is believed to have inspired Mr. Maurice Hewlett with mediæval romance. But there is no literary harvest from the Board of Agriculture, and the Education Office is equally sterile. What is there in Trade that wins so many laurels? Mr. Gosse might explain in an essay, and Mr. Dobson in a ballad.

I wonder that the Bench gives us no poets and essayists. How does a Judge employ his mind in the Long Vacation? Perhaps he writes novels under assumed names. There was once a Judge who was distinguished by the frequency with which his judgments were quashed by a superior Court. This coloured the lives of his family so deeply that on rare occasions of joy his children would exclaim, "We shall have jam for tea to-day. Papa has been upheld on appeal." It surprises me that this dominating theme never moved him to verse—something like "The Vanity of Human Wishes"—

When bigger wigs demolished his decree,  
Then jam was absent from the children's tea;  
Strange that some Judge did not review the meal,  
And reinstate the jam-pot on appeal!

## PARLIAMENT.

Gout has permitted Mr. James Lowther, Chairman of Committees, to return to his duties, much to the relief of the Government, which is once more armed with the closure. Mr. Balfour raised a fierce discussion by moving to suspend the twelve o'clock rule for the rest of the Session. Mr. Redmond, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Asquith deplored the decadence of the House of Commons under Mr. Balfour's arbitrary sway. Mr. Gibson Bowles said that the number of times the closure was moved was a measure of the incapacity of the Minister. He suggested that Mr. Balfour abused power for the aggrandisement of his own family and a liberal dispensing of the public taxes among his own supporters. Mr. Balfour replied that his honourable friend sometimes threw stones and sometimes mud. Mr. Asquith hinted that only the principle of "devolution" would relieve the congestion of public business, but Mr. Balfour declined to consider that proposal.

In the Lords the King's Declaration Bill was read a second time, after a prediction by Lord Rosebery that it would not pass the other House. Lord Salisbury declined to revive the Fine Arts Commission, appointed in the time of Prince Albert.

## THE TRIAL OF EARL RUSSELL.

The trial of Earl Russell on the charge of bigamy was held in the House of Lords on July 18 with all the pomp associated with State ceremonies. The Royal Gallery was turned into a court of law for the occasion. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General led for the prosecution, and Mr. Robson, K.C., and Mr. Horace Avory, K.C., for the defence. The Peers, wearing their robes, assembled in the House of Lords at half-past ten, the Judges occupying seats on the Woolsack in front of the Lord Chancellor. Norroy King-at-Arms, in scarlet and gold, stood behind Lord Halsbury, and the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod near the Clerk's table, the latter bearing the white wand which formed the emblem of the office of Lord High Steward.

After prayers by the Bishop of Ripon, the Lord High Chancellor read the King's commission creating him Lord High Steward for the occasion. Deputy Garter then called over the roll of Peers intending to be present at the trial, beginning with the Barons and ending with the Dukes and Archbishops; and after Lord Halsbury had moved an adjournment to the Royal Gallery their Lordships were marshalled and made their way there in the same order, led by the Clerks of the House and the Judges. On all being seated, an official proclaimed silence, and the Clerk in the King's Bench read the Lord High Steward's commission, Deputy Garter afterwards presenting Lord Halsbury with the white wand, which was then handed to Black Rod. The Reading Clerk of the House of Commons now read the indictment, Earl Russell entering the Gallery at the Tower end and advancing to the Bar as he did so.

The defendant was dressed in a grey frock-coat and wore a bright red tie. In response to the Clerk of Parliament's summons to Earl Russell to appear, General Sir M. Biddulph, as Gentleman Usher, walked to the Bar, and, formally removing the defendant from the charge of the Yeoman Usher, led him to a chair within the Bar. Lord Russell bowed thrice to the Lord High Steward, and thrice to the assembled Peers, and then stood while Lord Halsbury read the charge. The Clerk of Parliament began, "How say you, my Lord; are you guilty of the felony with which you are charged, or—?" Mr. Robson here interrupted with an address to their Lordships. On being again asked, Earl Russell pleaded "Guilty." Mr. Robson at once made a speech with a view to lessening the sentence, and afterwards the defendant himself addressed his peers. Their Lordships left the Gallery for the House of Peers, returning in about a quarter of an hour, when the Lord High Steward announced the sentence of the Court to be that Earl Russell should be confined in Holloway Gaol for three months as a first-class misdemeanant. The prisoner bowed calmly, and shortly afterwards left the building in the charge of one of Black Rod's officials. Lord Halsbury thereupon broke his staff across his knee.

## AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

- Belgium and the Belgians.* Cyril Scudamore. (Blackwood. 6s.)  
*Essays: Descriptive and Biographical.* Grace, Lady Prestwich. (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.)  
*Severance.* A Novel. Thomas Cobb. (Lane. 6s.)  
*The Thirteen Evenings.* George Partram. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel.* T. Lloyd Jones. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
*Poems.* W. B. Yeats. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)  
*A Hidden Foe.* G. A. Henty. (Sampson Low. 6s.)  
*The Grip of the Bookmaker.* Percy White. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
*Carlyle's Sartor Resartus: Heroes and Hero-Worship.* Library of English Classics. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)  
*Wagner, Bayreuth, and the Festival Plays.* Frances Gerard. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)  
*Illustrated History of the Boer War, 1899-1901.* Richard Dances. (Cassell. 7s. 6d.)  
*The Flywheel.* George Wemyss. (Macquenn. 6s.)  
*Henry Bourland.* A. E. Hancock. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
*Love and His Mask.* M. M. Dowie. (Heinemann. 6s.)  
*A Bella and Others.* Egerton Castle. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)  
*The Innocents on the Broads.* Ernest R. Suffling. (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.)  
*Mary Hamilton.* Lord Ernest Hamilton. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*Both Sides of the Veil.* Richard Marsh. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*A Harvest of Stubble.* W. Eden Hooper. (Brett. 2s. 6d.)  
*No Vindication.* Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Long. 6s.)  
*His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII.* H. Whitts. Bijou Biographies, No. VII. (Drane. 1s.)







## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

### LORD ROSEBERY AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

In his reply to the address signed by the members of the City Liberal Club inviting him to make a speech on the meeting of that club on July 19, Lord Rosebery startled the political world by a letter frankly expressing his opinion of the position of the Liberal Party. "In 1896," to quote his own words, "I laid down the leadership of the Liberal Party with the hope rather than with the expectation of promoting its unity." This hope, however, had been far from realised. He then pointed out that over questions of the South African War the Opposition was but superficially united, and denied that the severance on this point would be ended with peace, the open expression of opinion on the justice or injustice of the present hostilities being merely proof of a fundamental "antagonism of principle" with regard to Imperial policy. Lord Rosebery followed up this letter by a speech at the City Liberal Club before a large meeting of the members, in which he made answer to the outcry which this indictment had evoked on every side. He maintained that while the negotiations previous to the war and the shortcomings of the Government in the actual carrying on of the war were open to criticism, once the nation was actually in direct antagonism with an enemy of the British Empire no obstacle should be placed in the path of those whose duty it was to bring hostilities to a speedy conclusion. Lord Rosebery gave hopes that the Liberal Party would be "purged from all anti-national elements," and become firmly united on a domestic programme. He concluded

at load draught of 38,220 tons. Her cargo-carrying capacity is very great, and, in addition to those for her own stores, she is fitted with six enormous cold-storage chambers for the meat trade. Captain Lindsay, an officer who has been in the service of the White Star Line for many years, is in command. The deck crew numbers some seventy men, the engine-room staff and the stokers another hundred. In addition to these, there are no fewer than 200 stewards to look after the comfort of the passengers. She is built to carry 3000 persons.

### THE CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, as President, and acting on behalf of the King, formally opened the British Congress on Tuberculosis on Monday afternoon at the St. James's Hall. His Royal Highness, who was attended by Colonel FitzGeorge, was supported by a large gathering of distinguished people, including the United States Ambassador, the Netherlands Minister, the Greek Minister, the Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Lister, and the Lord Mayor. Immediately on taking the chair, the President requested the honorary secretary-general to read his report, and when it was concluded, in a short speech declared the Congress open, and announced that he proposed sending the following telegram to the King: "I have the honour to inform your Majesty I have opened the Congress on Tuberculosis, which is largely attended by home and foreign delegates, in obedience to your Majesty's command." A gracious reply was received later on in the proceedings. General meetings were arranged for the following day, and for Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the last-named day being the final one.

On Tuesday the members were received at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, and on Thursday, at the Victoria Museum, by the Earl and Countess of Derby.

### THE COURT OF CLAIMS.

The first sitting of the Court of Claims in connection with the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra was held on July 18 at the Privy Council Office. The proclamation made by the King with reference to the Coronation was read by the Clerk, after which, all people not connected with the Court were

requested to withdraw until the mode of its procedure had been settled. The Court was then reopened, and the Registrar read out the petitions which had been received. The whole of the proceedings lasted about half an hour, and there was all through a great lack of picturesque detail. The next sitting of the Court will be held some time in November.

### THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT DIYATALAWA.

The British troops detailed to guard the Boer prisoners of war now confined in the camp at Diyatalawa, Ceylon, were enabled on the 23rd of last month to attend divine service in comfort for practically the first time since they have been on duty there. Before the erection of the building specially constructed to shelter them, the soldiers, who are responsible for the safety of some five thousand prisoners, had to stand in the open under a scorching sun during the weekly service. Not even by parading at eight in the morning was it found possible to avoid discomfort. The building is mainly of the plaited leaves known locally as "kajan." The honour of being the first to enter it fell to the 1st Battalion the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

### A GYMKHANA AT VINCENNES.

The French Society of the Red Cross recently organised a gymkhana in aid of a temporary hospital to be erected at Montreuil in war-time. One of the events consisted of a race of winged and four-footed animals; among these were a tortoise, a guinea-fowl, a rabbit, and a duck, driven by ladies. This race afforded great amusement, as some of the animals obstinately refused to move,

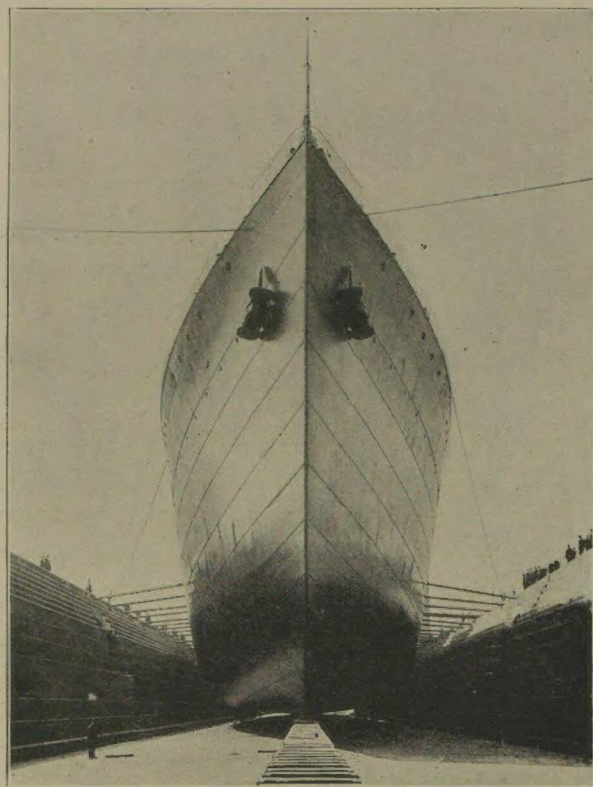


Photo. Bedford Lemere and Co.

THE LARGEST SHIP EVER BUILT: BOW VIEW OF THE "CELTIC" IN THE GRAVING DOCK, LIVERPOOL.

while others proceeded rapidly in every direction but the one desired. A steeplechase for officers' dogs and a frog-race caused much excitement.

### THE ECLIPSE STAKES.

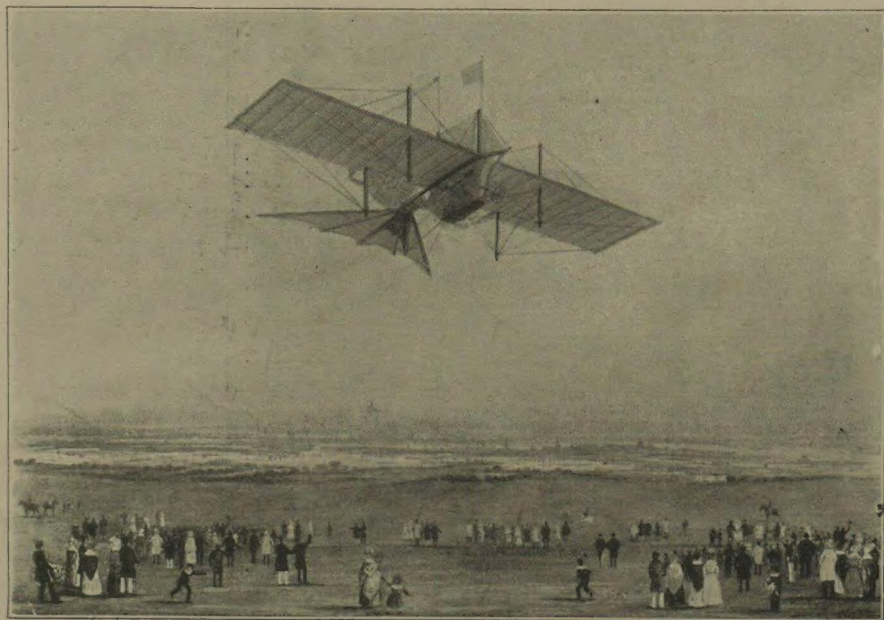
The fourteenth renewal of the Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovereigns was run at the Sandown Park Second Summer Meeting on July 19, and was won by Mr. T. Kincaid's Epsom Lad, Sir R. Waldie-Griffith's Ian being second, Mr. J. R. Keene's Disguise II. third, and the Duke of Devonshire's Diamond Jubilee fourth. The winner was trained by Alvarez, and ridden by Gomez. The race was started at half-past three. After a quarter of a mile had been run Epsom Lad went to the front, but was passed by Aida and Menander. Epsom Lad again led the running at the members' entrance-gate, followed by Diamond Jubilee, Menander, and Ian, and finally passed the post the winner by a head.

### POLO AT RANELAGH.

In spite of the fact that the Ranelagh Club's polo season is practically at an end, there was a large attendance at Barn Elms on Saturday last. Three interesting matches were decided on the old ground. In the first, Ranelagh, having among its team Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. A. de Las Casas, won a close game against a cavalry team by three goals to one. In the second game White's Club opposed the Orleans Club, the first-named winning a fast game by two goals. Finally, the 1st Life Guards' team played the Royal Horse Guards, the latter being the victors by three goals to two.

### AN EARLY AIR-SHIP.

Apropos of the "Santos Dumont V." air-ship, it is interesting to find that as far back as 1843 "The Aërial Transit Company" was formed to float an air-ship invented by a civil engineer named Henson. This was the best attempt hitherto made to construct such a vessel, and the "Aërial Transit Bill" was read, at the motion of Mr. Roebuck, in March. At its trial the invention proved defective.



A NAVIGABLE AIR-SHIP OF FIFTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO: THE FIRST STEAM CARRIAGE OF THE AËRIAL TRANSIT COMPANY.

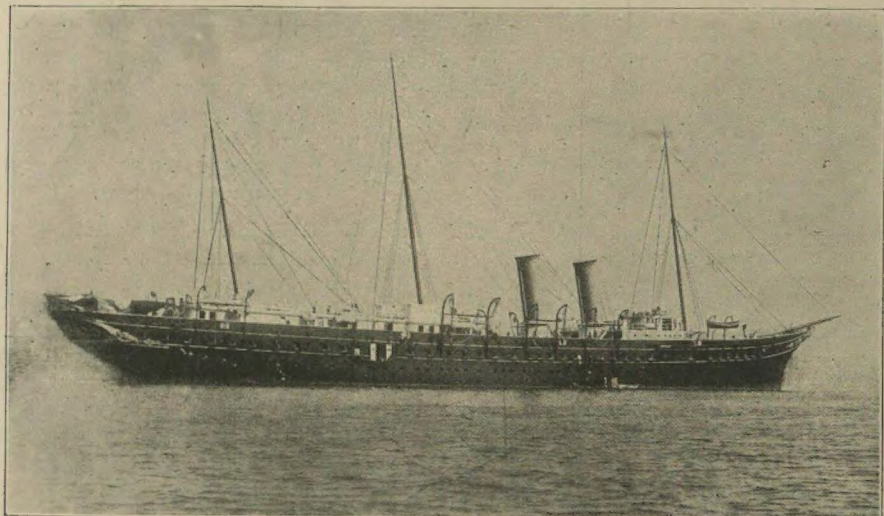


Photo. Russell and Sons, Southsea.

HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," COMMISSIONED JULY 23.

by saying that his abstention from politics in the present condition of the Liberal Party had appeared to him too obvious to need explanation.

### HIS MAJESTY'S NEW YACHT.

His Majesty's new yacht was thoroughly inspected on Monday last by Rear-Admiral Pelham Aldrich, the Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, and having been found satisfactory, was commissioned on the following day by Commodore the Hon. Hedworth Lambton, of Ladysmith fame, and the officers and crew of the old *Victoria and Albert*. She is to be completed in time to reach Cowes for the Regatta week. The royal apartments are practically ready for use.

### THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

The Naval mobilisation, which began on Tuesday last week, went vigorously forward, so that at the end of six days we heard of the "X" Fleet and subsidiary squadrons assembled at Torbay, ready to start first thing this week for Guernsey. In all, there were seventy war-ships of various kinds, ranging from torpedo-boats to battle-ships, with over 13,000 officers and men on board. Mr. Arnold-Forster paid a visit to this division on Saturday evening; and Lord Brassey and Mr. T. A. Brassey arrived on board the *Sunbeam* after visiting the enemy at Portland. At that station the "B" Fleet of sixty or seventy vessels had mobilised and set sail on Monday morning. From Plymouth and Devonport went forth last week contingents to join Fleet "X" at Torbay, and Fleet "B" at Portland by Saturday. These included the battle-ships *Benbow*, *Collingwood*, *Nile*, and *Howe*; among cruisers, *Rainbow*, *Retribution*, *Spartan*, and others; among destroyers, *Tiger*, *Thorn*, and *Vigilant*.

### THE LARGEST VESSEL IN THE WORLD.

In less than four months since she left the stocks at Queen's Island, the twin-screw Royal Mail steam-ship *Celtic* was engined, manned, and equipped, and will start on her maiden voyage from Liverpool to New York on Friday. To gain this result over a thousand men have worked daily on her, while even more have done their share on land. The largest vessel in the world, the *Celtic* has a total length of 700 ft., and a displacement





THE OPENING OF THE FIRST CHURCH FOR BRITISH TROOPS GUARDING THE BOER PRISONERS' CAMP AT DIVATALAWA, CEYLON.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, FROM A SKETCH BY QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANT W. MORRIS.



THE 4TH PUNJAB INFANTRY UNEARTHING QUICK-FIRING GUNS BURIED BY THE CHINESE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT J. S. BOGLE.

Seven Krupp guns, eight breeches, and two gun-carriages belonging to the Chinese garrison of Shan-hai-Kwan, and buried after the evacuation of that place, were dug up by a detachment of the 4th Punjab Infantry.



## PERSONAL.

Last Monday morning the King received a deputation of ladies chosen from the committee of the American hospital-ship *Maine*. Among those present were the chairman and the treasurer, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West and Mrs. Ronalds; the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Essex, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, and Mrs. Moreton-Frewen. Mrs. George Cornwallis-West presented his Majesty with a gold medal, struck in commemoration of the work performed by the *Maine* for the sick and wounded in South Africa and China, 1899-1901. With the medal was also presented to the King an address originally intended for presentation to the late Sovereign. The King expressed his deep appreciation of the services rendered by the *Maine*, and the manner in which the committee had worked.

The King has conferred an Earldom upon Viscount Cromer, his Majesty's Agent and Consul-General in



Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
LORD CROMER,  
Created Earl.

Egypt and Minister Plenipotentiary in the Diplomatic Service. This diplomatist and administrator, best known of old to the public as Sir Evelyn Baring, was born just sixty years ago at Cromer Hall, Norfolk, the residence of his father, Mr. Henry Baring, M.P. The Army was his first ambition. He went to Woolwich, became Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1858, took his Captaincy, and entered the Staff

College ten years later, and published a noticeable volume of military essays. His appointment as A.D.C. to the High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands led to his going with his chief to Jamaica for the Governor Eyre Commission. A private secretaryship to his cousin, Lord Northbrook, Governor-General of India, followed. Retiring from the Army, he went to Egypt as a Commissioner of the Egyptian Debt in 1879, and thus began that association with Egypt which, with hardly a break, has been continued to the present time.

A War Office memorandum, dated 1891, has been published this week. It shows that ten years ago the War Office believed that the British Army must not be organised to undertake serious operations beyond our own shores. The idea that 250,000 men would ever be needed to defend a distant part of the Empire did not enter the mind of any administrator in Pall Mall. It was taken for granted that not even a single Army Corps would ever have to embark for active service abroad.

Mr. John Farmer, the distinguished musician, whose death is now reported from Oxford, was born sixty-six

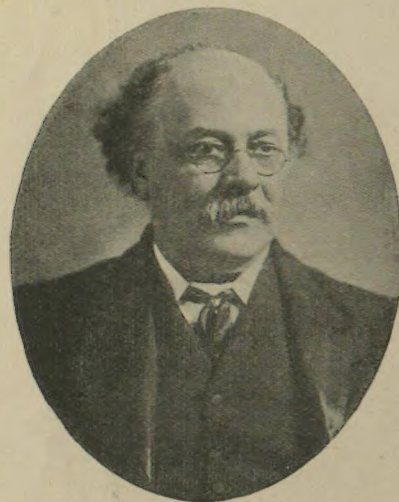


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. JOHN FARMER,  
Organist at Balliol College, Oxford.

years ago. In 1861 he was a teacher of music in Zurich, and in the year following took up the appointment by which he is best known—that of organist and music-master at Harrow. His "Requiem" is especially associated with his Harrow friends. When he left Harrow after twenty-three years of service, it was to take the post of organist at Balliol College, Oxford. Mr. Farmer did a good deal of work, besides, as a musical examiner, and the list of his published compositions is a long one. Mr. Farmer married, in 1859, Marie Elizabeth Stahl, of Zurich.

Lord Rosebery's letter and speech to the City Liberal Club somewhat dimmed the importance of the dinner in honour of Mr. Asquith. Both statesmen repudiated in decisive terms what has been happily called "the bias of anti-patriotism." But Lord Rosebery went a good deal further by condemning the meeting of the Liberal Party at the Reform Club, and the vote of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that nominally reconciled the divergent sections, as "organised hypocrisy." He said that the party must be "purged of its anti-national elements." Moreover, he hinted very plainly that it must be freed from any "entangling alliance" with the Irish members.

Mr. Asquith made no allusion to Lord Rosebery's utterances or to the Irish question. He said that the Liberal Party must qualify itself by justly Imperial sentiment to undertake the administration of the country. He sketched the main points of a domestic programme, including education, temperance, and the housing of the poor, with which, he co-tended, only a Liberal Government could effectually deal.

Rear-Admiral James Lacon Hammet, who shares with Vice-Admiral Sir Robert Harris and Rear-Admiral Sir

Baldwin Walker the duties of umpire at the Naval Manœuvres, was born on May 15, 1848, and joined the Navy as a cadet in March 1862. In June six years later he became Sub-Lieutenant, and in the following year full Lieutenant. He was created Commander in 1880, Captain in 1886, and attained to his present rank on the first day of last year. He is the possessor of the third class of the Order of the Medjidieh. There is little doubt that he will be the right man in the right place.



Photo. Russell, Southsea.  
REAR-ADMIRAL J. L. HAMMET,  
Umpire at Naval Manœuvres.

The death from pneumonia of Mrs. Kruger, wife of the ex-President of the Transvaal, at Pretoria on July 20, removes one of the most interesting figures of the Boer War. A typical vrouw, Mrs. Kruger did not openly take part in South African affairs, but her shrewd advice is said to have been of great service to her husband on



Photo. Barnett.  
THE LATE MRS. KRUGER,  
WIFE OF EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER.

more than one occasion. "Tante Sanna," as Dutch and Uitlander alike called her, was a Miss Du Plessis, and some eight years the junior of her husband, to whom she was married for nearly fifty years. She was Mr. Kruger's second wife, and had no fewer than sixteen children. Kindness was perhaps her greatest virtue, as the following curious little incident amply proves. When a statue of the ex-President was about to be set up in the square at Pretoria, she insisted that the crown of his top-hat should be indented, in order that it might form a water-bowl for the birds.

The far-reaching fame of Miss Ormerod has been proved by the tributes paid to her memory during the last

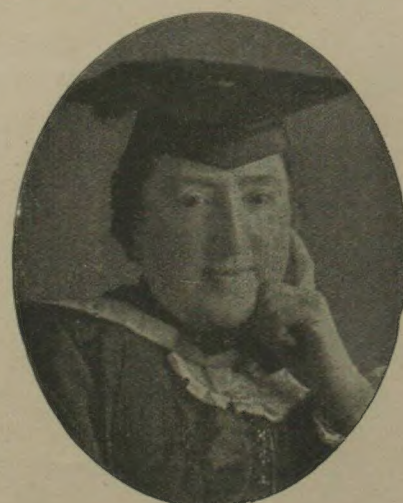


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MISS ORMEROD,  
Entomologist and Hon. Doctor of Laws.

few days from all sorts and conditions of agriculturists here and abroad. Nor did she wait till her death for this general recognition. Economic entomologists from all parts of Europe, and from beyond Europe, were among her guests—students from Hindustan, Egypt, North America, South Africa, and Australia. Two years before the University of Edinburgh gave her the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, the Société Nationale d'Acclimatation de France awarded her its large silver Saint Hilaire medal. Edinburgh's offering was, however, particularly valuable in one sense, for it was unique. No woman had been the recipient of

it till then. "Her labours have been crowned with such success," the Dean of Faculty gracefully said upon that occasion, "that she is entitled to be hailed as the protectress of agriculture and the fruits of the earth—a beneficent Demeter of the nineteenth century."

The principal members of the committee of ladies appointed by the Government to supervise the "concentration" camps are Lady Knox, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, and Miss Deane, who have sailed for South Africa. Lady Knox has had a good deal of experience of camps in the course of the campaign, Miss Deane is a factory inspector, and Mrs. Fawcett is a very capable organiser.

Some philanthropists at Brussels have had the assurance to demand that the Boer refugee camps should be handed over to an international committee. The British refusal to entertain this modest proposal will doubtless have the effect of stimulating the imagination that concocts British "atrocities."

Signor Piatti, who had been seriously ill for some little time, died on Friday last week at the house of his daughter, the Countess Lochis, near Bergamo. That town was also his birthplace, now close on eighty years ago. His father, a violinist, was his first instructor, and his training was continued at the Conservatorio of Milan, where he made his début as a violoncellist in 1834. In 1844 he, like his friend Joachim, first appeared before an English audience. Then the Popular Concerts were established, at which Signor Piatti was to be a standing attraction for nearly half a century. The golden jubilee of his appearance in London was celebrated at the Grafton Galleries in 1894 by a reception, at which Sir A. C. Mackenzie presented an address. Three years later he entered on the retirement which has now been ended by his death.

The loyalist refugee camp at East London is reported to be in a deplorable state for lack of funds. Abundant comforts and even luxuries are sent to South Africa for the Boer women and children in captivity, but only a languid interest is shown in the hardships of our own people. It is time that an effort was made to give this legitimate sympathy a less one-sided aspect.

Lord Roberts is to receive a Parliamentary grant of £100,000 in recognition of his services. When this proposal is submitted to the House of Commons, it will be resisted by Mr. Dillon and his friends, who cannot forgive Lord Roberts for being an Irishman.

The Rev. W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D., the President-elect of the Wesleyan Conference, is a man of rare gifts and charming personality. He is the son of a Methodist preacher, was born in 1846, and was educated for the scholastic profession. He entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1867, and three years later received his first appointment. After eleven years in circuit work he was appointed to a Classical Tutorship at Richmond, and in 1891 was elected Professor of Theology and Biblical Criticism at Handsworth College, Birmingham. The new President graduated with honours in London University, securing the M.A. degree in 1871. He also holds the honorary D.D. degree of a distinguished American University. Dr. Davison has several times visited the United States as the delegate of British Methodism to the American Methodist Churches. He is a frequent contributor to current literature, and his writings and opinions always command respect.

General Baden-Powell has been sent home invalided. He is suffering from malarial fever. It was scarcely to be expected that the privations of the long siege of Mafeking would leave no mark even on the most indomitable constitution.

Aguinaldo appears to be a restless captive. He has been detected in the act of secret communication with one of the Filipino leaders, and has explained that he does not regard his oath of allegiance to the United States as morally binding. He may have been studying the Boer ethics on this subject.

Bishop Gibson has been elected to the vacant see at Bloemfontein, and the Rev. Gerald Trower, of Sydney, New South Wales, who is now on a visit to the home country, has been appointed Bishop of Likoma. There is now only one African see vacant—namely, Kaffraria.

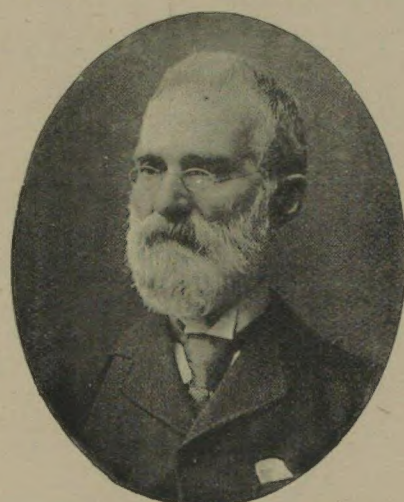


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE SIGNOR PIATTI,  
The Famous Violoncellist.

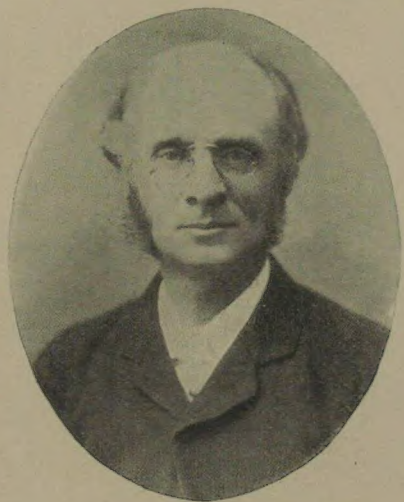
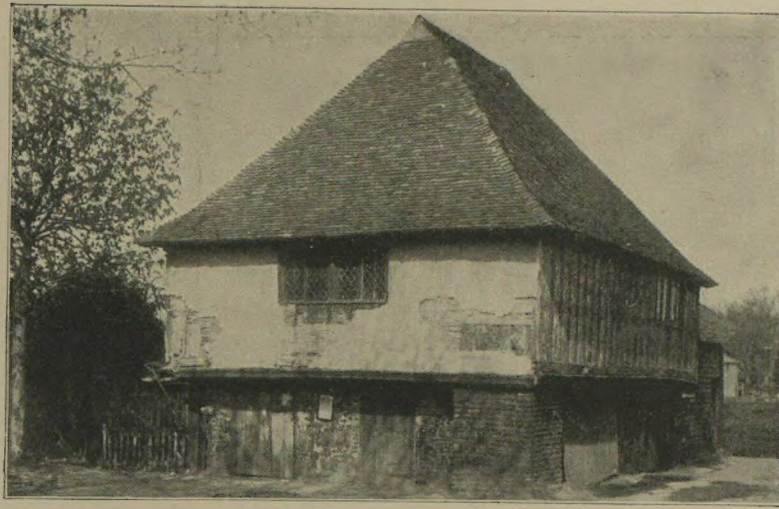


Photo. Braycott.  
DR. W. T. DAVISON,  
President-Elect of the Wesleyan Conference.





THE BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS,  
Petitioning to Support their Majesties at the  
Coronation.



THE TOWN HALL OF FORDWICH.  
The Privilege granted to the Barons of the Cinque Ports of Bearing the Canopy over the  
King and Queen is claimed by Colonel C. G. Brown, as Baron and Jurat of Fordwich.

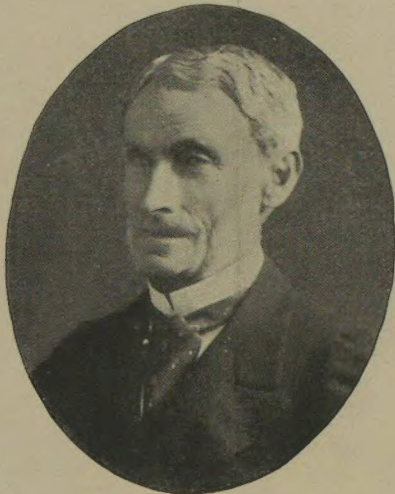
*Photo. Frith, Reigate.*



THE BISHOP OF DURHAM,  
Petitioning to Support their Majesties at the  
Coronation.



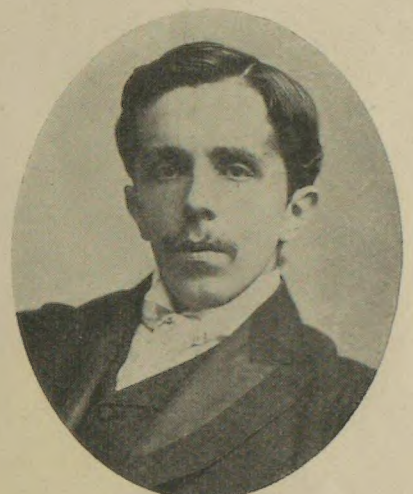
THE DUKE OF NORFOLK,  
Petitioning to Act as Chief Butler  
of England.



THE EARL OF ANCASTER,  
Petitioning for the Office of Lord Great Chamberlain  
of England.



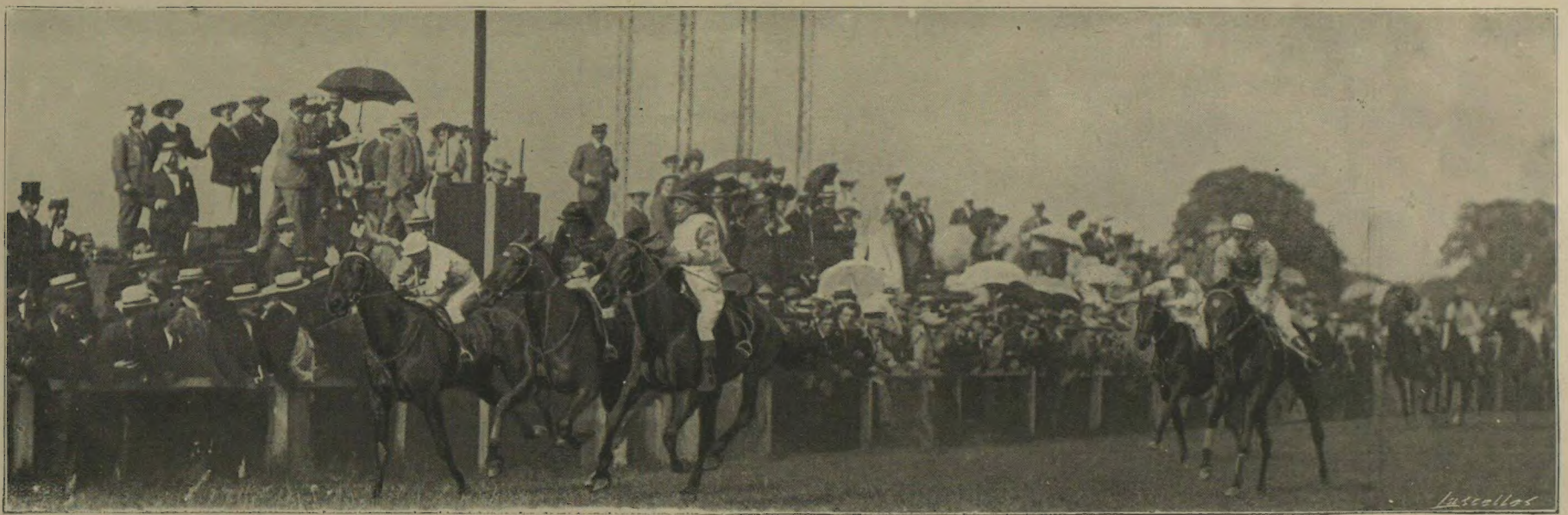
THE EARL OF ERROLL,  
Petitioning to Walk as a Lord High Constable  
of Scotland.



THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,  
Petitioning to Provide a Glove and Support  
the King's Arm.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE COURT OF CLAIMS, JULY 17: NOTABLE PETITIONERS.

PORTRAITS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY.



THE FINISH OF THE ECLIPSE STAKES, JULY 19: EPSOM LAD WINNING BY A HEAD FROM IAN.



POLO MATCH BETWEEN RANELAGH AND A CAVALRY TEAM: A GOAL FOR THE CAVALRY.



Dr. G. Sims Woodhead.

Sir G. T. Brown.

Sir H. E. Maxwell.



Dr. Brouardel (Paris).

Professor Koch.

Sir W. H. Broadbent, Bart.

Sir James Crichton-Browne.

THE BRITISH CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS: SOME OF THE CHIEF MEMBERS.

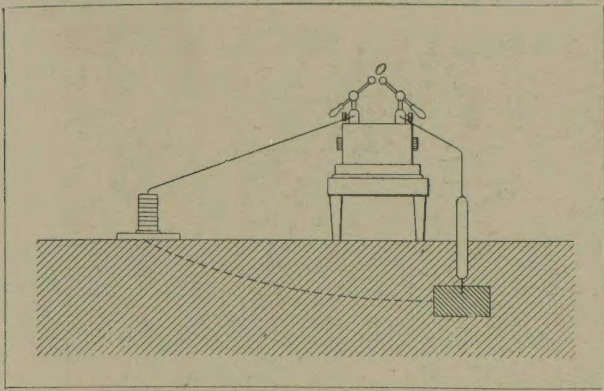
DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

*On Tuesday, at St. James's Hall, Professor Koch advanced the theory that human beings are not susceptible to bovine tuberculosis, and that therefore there is little danger of infection from milk and meat of tubercular cattle.*



## THE PILSOUDSKI SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT POLES.

Although the Marconi system is now generally used in several foreign countries, it has its objection from a



THE TRANSMITTER USED IN THE PILSOUDSKI SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

military point of view, owing to the necessity for long poles, or antennæ, which are an easy mark for an invading enemy, and make the cutting of communications a matter of little difficulty. Therefore the efforts of Colonel de Pilsoudski to perfect the system of wireless telegraphy along the surface of the ground should be a matter of great interest to soldiers as well as to scientists, seeing that it removes the objection of conspicuous poles. We are informed that though this system of ground telegraphy, like the Marconi method, is wireless, Colonel de Pilsoudski owes little or nothing to the latter invention for the inception of his idea. Indeed, he had been making experiments in ground telegraphy as far back as 1874, and it is only now by the aid of his friends M. Schaeffer, M. Passek, and M. Ducretet (the latter the constructor of the apparatus) that he has brought his idea to a state of working perfection. Colonel Pilsoudski has now entirely dispensed with the tall antennæ by which the Marconi system is so readily recognised, and instead of sending the electric waves through the air, he places his transmitter and receiver on the ground itself. The apparatus connected with the transmitter and receiver is a perfected form of that used in the system of ordinary wireless telegraphy. We give diagrams of the apparatus. At each of the points the two poles are joined on one

side to the ground by means of a metal disc sunk in the soil to a certain depth, and on the other side to a species of Leyden jar contained in a wooden casing placed on a piece of insulated glass. These communication points may be hidden in a copse of trees or among houses, as may be seen from one experiment, which was carried out in two villa gardens of Vésinet, about 550 yards apart, most successfully in spite of the fact that they were divided by trees, hedges, and many kinds of obstacles. The next experiment, of which we give an illustration, was much more ambitious. The points on this occasion were over 2000-yards apart, one being placed in a villa of Vésinet and the other on the banks of the Seine, near the Pecq Bridge. This time the receiver was the Popoff-Ducretet radiotelephone, which, being very sensitive, enabled the movements of the transmitter to be heard over the whole distance, thus making the message easily comprehensible. Other trials will be made to determine on what conditions the electric surface waves can be transmitted over a great expanse of water. Whatever may be the true merits of Colonel Pilsoudski's system, at any rate it opens a new branch of wireless telegraphy, and special encouragement has attended this Russian officer's efforts, as we understand that he has secured the future patronage of the Russian Government.

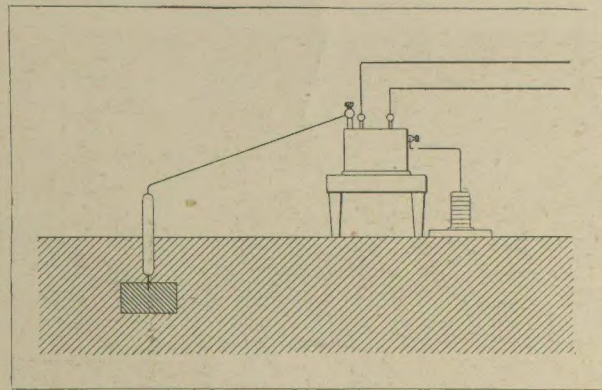
## THE BISLEY RIFLE MEETING

The Bisley Rifle Meeting came to an end on Saturday last week, when the King's Prize was won by Corporal Ommundsen of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteers,



AN EXPERIMENT IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT POLES: THE POPOFF-DUCRETET RADIOTELEPHONE USED AS A RECEIVER.

after he had shot off a tie with Col.-Serg. H. Burr, of the 1st Hampshire Volunteer Engineers. This year's winner was very nearly successful last year, and altogether has been in the final hundred of the Queen's—now the King's—Prize three times. In 1899 he won the St. George's



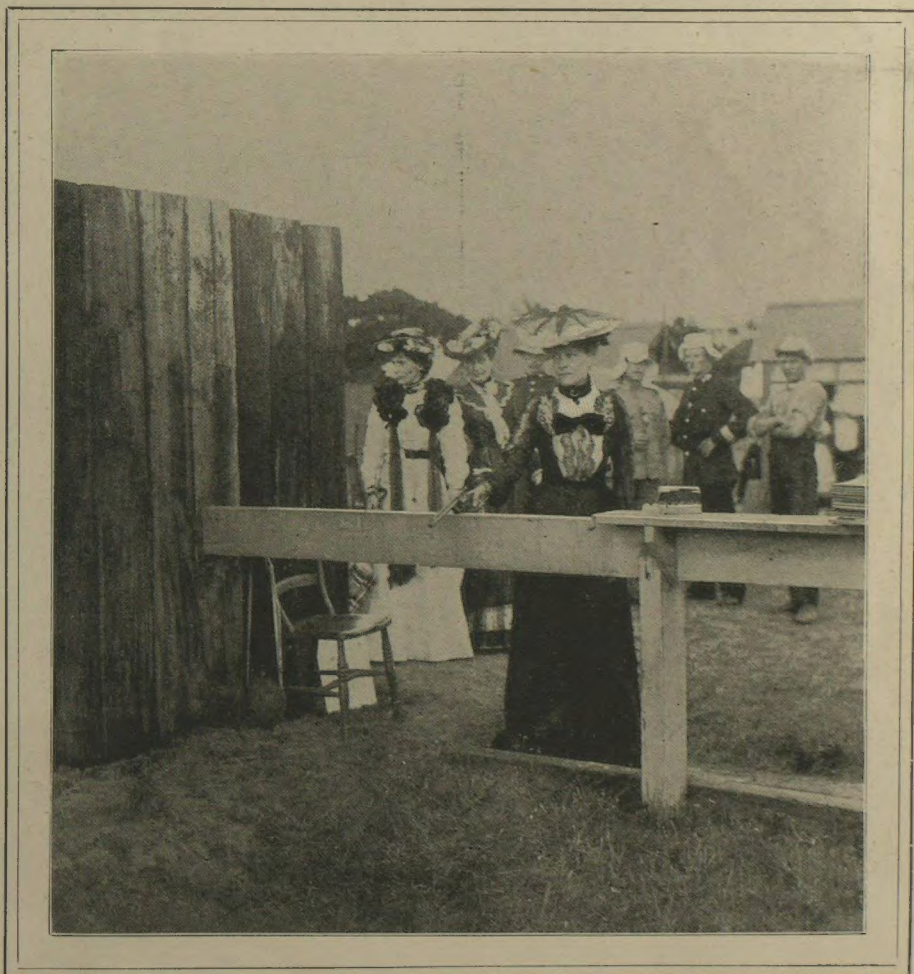
THE RECEIVER USED IN THE PILSOUDSKI SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

Challenge Shield, and has also carried off the Grand Aggregate and the Dominion of Canada trophy. In addition to this he won the *Graphic* Cup outright, tied for the *Daily Graphic* and Martin's prizes, and has missed the Volunteer Aggregate by a single point. He is by descent a Scandinavian, is now a lawyer's clerk in Edinburgh, and, for the curious in such details, it may be added that he is a teetotaller, but not a non-smoker. The Silver Medallist, Cyclist A. J. Comber, 2nd V.B. Surrey, resides at Wimbledon, and is a stonemason. Lord Roberts visited the camp on July 16 for the purpose of watching the contest for the "Commander-in-Chief's Prize," a quick-firing competition at a head-and-shoulders target at 150 yards. The competitors were placed behind canvas screens, and on the word being given, had to jump up and fire, four seconds being the limit for aiming, and six for taking shelter and loading. The excellent revolver practice of Mrs. Rosling in the Revolver Competition was all the more noticeable at a time when much is heard of the accurate aim of women in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony. Lord Roberts, in his speech at the close of the prize-giving, declared that the chief lesson of the war was the need of skilful rifle-shooting in our Army—a qualification on which its efficiency absolutely depends.



LANCE-CORPORAL H. OMMUNDSEN, QUEEN'S EDINBURGH, THE WINNER OF THE KING'S PRIZE AT BISLEY.

Photo. H. H. Fry, Brighton.



MRS. ROSLING, A LADY REVOLVER SHOT AT BISLEY.

Photo. Knight.





THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: FLEET "X" ASSEMBLED AT TORBAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. T. JANE.

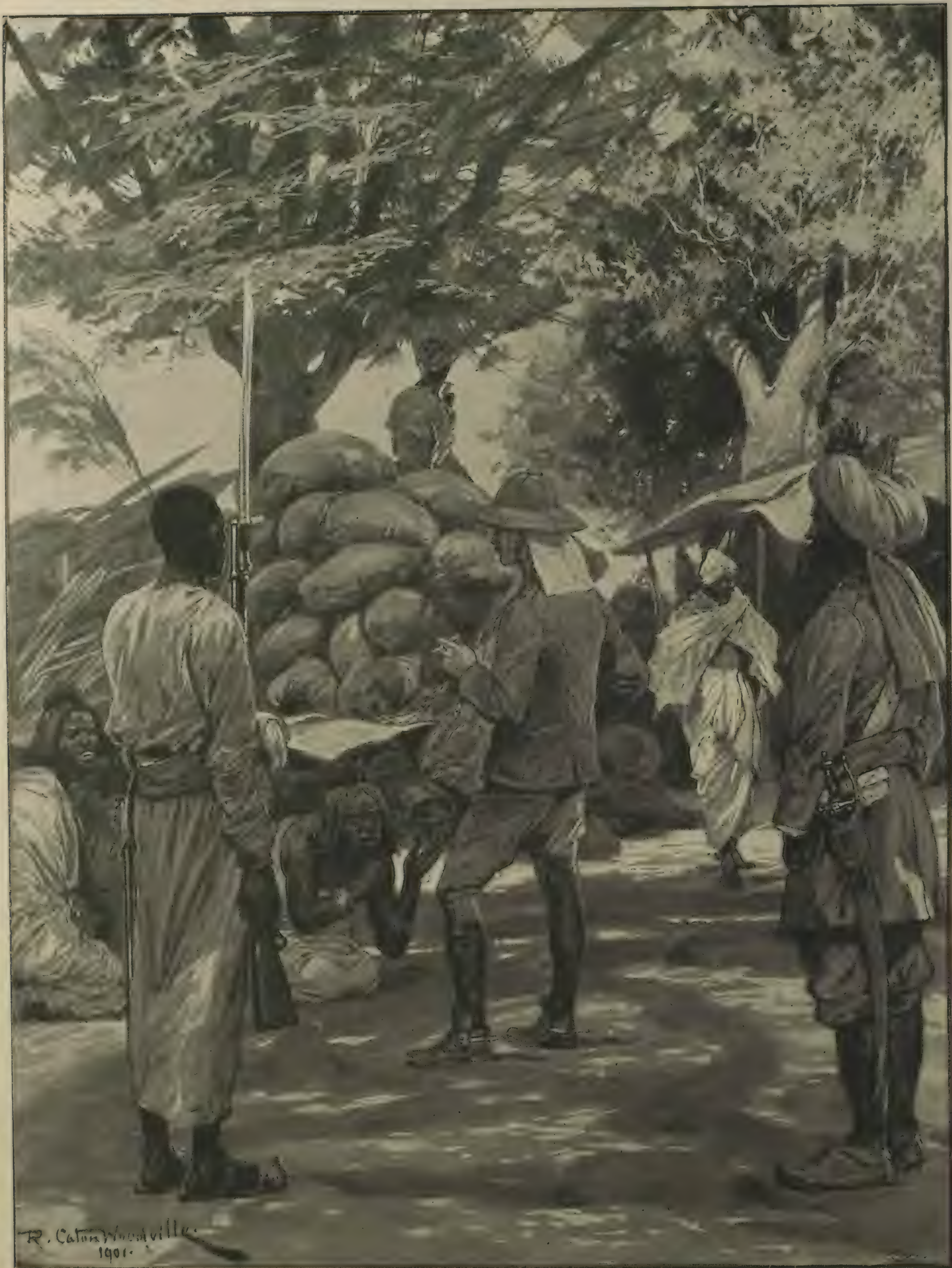




THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES: TORPEDO CRAFT GOING DOWN CHANNEL TO JOIN THEIR SQUADRON AFTER MOBILISATION.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. T. JANE.





THE DEFEAT OF THE MAD MULLAH IN SOMALILAND: INTERROGATING PRISONERS AT THE BASE CAMP AT BURAO.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.





# OUR COUSIN SONIA

by

## MAARTEN MAARTENS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

OURS is a numerous family. That is to say, of course, in the strictest sense; there is no one besides my sister and myself—I know of no other Maartenses—but we seem to have cousins sprinkled all over our little world of Holland. Moreover, there are all my mother's French relations, whom I have known intimately from a child, and the South Bavarian branch of her family, distant in all three senses of the word, and—no, I fancy our cosmopolitanism ends there.

Unless I include "our Cousin Sonia."

Every family—like every dwelling-house and every human personality—possesses a *côté honteux*. Circumstances and component parts exist which ourselves and our acquaintances tacitly combine to ignore. We are grateful to the latter for so doing, but not without vexation. Tom isn't dead (though we wish he were), and they know he isn't. Yet only the weaklings among families are really afraid of the harm their prodigals can do them, nor do they mind the prodigal's existence as long as he doesn't arrange a return. As for the daughters of a house—that's another matter. A prodigal daughter should instantly be given, as in Turkey, the sack.

Among our kindred Harry Brassy has long been the notorious black sheep. It was not always so: I remember how, in my own youth, little Harry was an affectionate object of interest to everybody. Old Karel Brassy—he was my mother's cousin, but considerably her senior—had, long before my time, lived, all his lazy life, the egoist existence of a gentlemanly rouse. He spent a good deal of money, but was somehow credited with possessing more, the undefined inheritance of a stingy, silent father. Late in life, close on seventy, old Karel married—a wife of thirty with, it was reported, some thirty thousand pounds. But that may have been epigrammatic. They lived at the Hague, in excellent style, and all the relations were much interested in their doings, and in the development of that tender bud, their dear little, spoilt little Harry.

Old Karel lived to be more than eighty. His death made no palpable change in the circumstances of his wife and child. Mevrouw Brassy continued to reside at the Hague, where she kept open house in a dignified manner; Harry passed from a private academy to the Grammar School and thence to Leyden University. Everybody liked the handsome widow and her bright, distinguished-looking son. The latter had many friends at Leyden, in the best set. He was generous and open-handed; you never heard anything against him. I remember only too well how frequently Harry Brassy was held up to me as an example, because he was so pleasant-spoken and friendly, and never saw anybody's faults. I did—even my own. Alas! alas!—even my own.

When Harry had taken his degree and left the University (with a splendid farewell feast), his mother sent for him. He told me all this himself. He was then twenty-five, and a capital specimen of the wealthy, well-born young Dutch University man. He walked into her sitting-room one dull November morning and said, "Well, mother, here I am."

"Harry," replied the lady, smiling to him, "you must marry a large fortune within six months, please."

"Not within six months," he answered, laughing. "Father wasn't in such a hurry. He waited till he found you."

"He could choose, and you can't," she retorted, still smiling. "Within six months, or we shall both be sold up!"

"What do you mean?" He turned pale.

"Sold up! I haven't got any money left. Heaven knows I made it last long enough, considering how little it was to begin with!"

"Little! I always thought we were rich!"

"So does everyone else, thank God!"

He sat down and stared at her. "Do you mean to say that I am penniless?"

"Penniless! What a ridiculous expression! Like beggars with a baby. 'I—am—penniless.' Of course we are not penniless. But we are bankrupt."

"But my money—the money father left me?"

She made a rapid movement with both hands like the up-fluttering of birds.

"Gone!" she said. "Spent! You have spent it."

"Mother, you should have told me sooner. You have done wrong."

She burst into tears. "Wrong!" she cried. "My own child to tell me I have done wrong! Oh, the ugly, cruel word! Wrong! Do you know what I have done, unjust, ungrateful boy? My solemn duty to your dead father and to you. I promised him upon his death-bed"—she sobbed—"and many a time before and after—no, I don't mean 'after,' but I've *thought* of it a hundred times, I mean: solemnly I promised him to go on as he'd been doing, and to make the money last till you could get some for yourself. It's been a dreadful, dreadful strain. Many a time have I been obliged to go without a bonnet or a cloak!"

"A new one?" he suggested, smiling in his turn.

"Never, surely, before you'd bought enough?"

She dried her tears. "A woman never has bought enough," she said, "not even when she's buying too much." And then she laughed. "But we've really managed excellently," she said. "Now, you will marry a wealthy wife, and we shall manage as well as ever."

"And supposing I don't?" He kicked moodily at a table-leg.

"That would be very naughty of you, Harry—very naughty and wilful. Then your poor, long-suffering mamma would have to go to the workhouse, and all her pretty things would be sold to a horrid crowd by a horrid auctioneer! Dear me, if you don't intend to marry money, you must please stop spoiling that table at once!" She screamed with laughter at this idea, and her son joined in. Soon they were heartily enjoying themselves, tears of merriment in their light-blue eyes, as they worked out a comic picture of a public sale of their effects, speculating as to the value of all that was most old and rubbishy.

"Uncle John would be sure to purchase my *night-caps*!" said Mevrouw Brassy, shaking in her seat. "There, that's as good a joke as ever I made in my life!" For she alluded to her brother's queer habit of tippling, with which this story has nothing to do. Harry laughed to; they were very gay, and thus he learnt that he was poor.

The fact had little influence upon his way of living. He went out that same afternoon, after lunch, to buy a bouquet for the evening's ball—a bouquet for a young cousin just coming out. On the way home he dropped one of his gloves, and, letting it lie, called at the haberdasher's to order a dozen pairs. But he played high at the club before dinner, for the first time in his life. He won thirty-five pounds. The dinner and subsequent dance were exceedingly enjoyable: he got to bed in the small hours, and slept like a top.

"I never enjoyed anything so much," he has often said, "as those thirty-five pounds; the first money I ever earned in my life."

For weeks matters went tranquilly on: neither mother nor son alluded to, or reflected on, the tiresome subject of finance. But Mevrouw Brassy reverted the more energetically to matrimony as a practical pursuit. She even went so far as to take preliminary steps in the direction of a certain most eligible young lady, when—

"My dear mother," said Harry mildly and firmly, laying a hand on her arm, "I will do anything and everything you like for you. But I won't marry a woman I'm not in love with at the time."

"How do you mean 'at the time'?"

"I may not be in love with her for ever, and I may not be in love with her at once; but I must be in love with her at the moment of our marriage."

"Why, unless you intend to remain in love with her for ever?"

"Intend? That, dear mother, as the Greeks used to say, lieth in the lap of the gods. But one has the right at least to start fair. I am not going to marry any of the young ladies I know at this moment. Please don't mind."

"Not *one*, Harry?"

"No, nor two. Don't mind, please, mother."

"Oh, Harry!" She sat thinking for a few moments; then she said solemnly: "In that case, nothing remains for me but to become seriously ill."

"Whatever do you mean, mother?"

"I cannot stay at the Hague. I must need immediate change of air. My doctor recommends Montreux."

"Well, the Hague's a dull place at the best. I really can't help it, mother."

Mevrouw Brassy coughed.

"You don't do it very naturally," said her son.

"I must practise. Yes, I shall close the house. I must go to Montreux. You can take me."

She coughed, with daily improvement of tone, through the next few days; then, having been advised to get rid, by a change, of this chronic bronchial affection, she departed for the Lake of Geneva, and stopped coughing in the train.

Harry, who had never travelled otherwise than in the midsummer holidays, found the Grand Hôtel des Rastaquouères very much to his taste. It is one of those huge, delightful menageries where you meet with the gayest birds—aye, and with the biggest beasts. There were toilets for both sexes by the shores of clear, placid Leman, which showed it still to be a very contrasted lake. Harry blossomed out in glories unknown amid the tulip-beds of his native land. He walked with foreign Counts and Barons, and talked of the doings—backstairs doings—of their respective Princes and Kings.

"You must marry here," said his mother.

"All right. There's no hurry."

"Indeed there is. People at home are beginning to ask questions. It's your bills."

"Oh, no one minds a young man's bills."

"True, but they say he's of age, and so must have come into his father's money. Oh, never mind. Don't let's bother. There's a capital programme to-night. I wonder, will that exquisite Roumanian girl be there?"

"I think I heard her say she was going. But, really, 'tis of no consequence."

However, it was. For the Roumanian girl brought a Russian friend, and the next thing we heard was that Harry "de" Brassy had married an enormously wealthy young lady, a Russian, Sonia Pavlovich.

The "de" was his mother's doing. You really could not get on without it, she said, at the Grand Hôtel des Rastaquouères.

It was all done in such great hurry and secrecy, because Sonia had a rich uncle and godfather who would never consent to her marrying a Protestant, but would have to make the best of a *fait accompli*.

The next thing we heard was that the uncle refused to be reconciled; the next thing again (much later) that he never had existed at all.

Harry troubled himself about none of these things. For a long time he was fully occupied buying the most beautiful presents for his bride. He ran across to Paris about a diamond tiara. Incidentally he answered Sonia one day that his title was "Viconte"—it was said in fun, there being no such rank of nobility in Holland—but their conversation was suddenly interrupted, and she told a lot of other people, and he found himself compelled to stick to what he had said.

"It doesn't matter twopence," declared his mother.

"In these sort of places everybody pretends to be a great deal more than he is, excepting royalties, who pretend to be less. The high rank dropped by the sovereign may well be divided between some dozens of his subjects."

"How you reason things out!" replied Harry. "I suppose there's some sort of satisfaction in finding a



reason for what one does. I never wanted to. I think 'Vicomte' rather pretty. I shall have cards made with 'Vicomte.'"

"Be cautious," said Mamma.

He looked at her, laughing. "Do you mean that?" he said.

She too laughed. "Well, no," she replied; "what nonsense! Why shouldn't everybody do as they like?"

"It's a good thing you don't mean it. Sonia's cards are ready. I found her sitting in the verandah, with the whole hundred, or very nearly, spread out on the table in front of her."

"Sonia means Sophy, doesn't it? And Sophy means wisdom."

"Yes."

"So much the better for you, my son. In the hotel verandah! Well, shall we go straight on, or turn?"

"Oh, turn—to the left. I hate going straight on."

"Now, my dear boy, it is what I like best. One always has to think before turning."

"Oh, no, mother. I naturally drift aside."

"Now you are metaphysical. That is odious."

"Mother, I don't even know the meaning of the word."

"What? Metaphysical?"

"No—odious."

He laughed again. Never child had a more musical laugh. "When a man is in love, and beloved, he can only remember pretty words."

A smile rippled over Mevrouw Brassy's comely face. "I wonder," she replied, "what dear Sonia's old uncle will say."

Dear Sonia's old uncle naturally said very little. But after a time the persistency of his silence began seriously to annoy Mevrouw Brassy, who, immediately after the wedding, had returned and reopened her house in the Hague.

She was bright and cheerful and amusing as ever. People flocked to her receptions as they had always done, and tradesmen gave her credit, as before. All of us heard much about the doings of the young Vicomte and Vicomtesse, who, at the desire of the bride, had soon migrated to Nice, where their intercourse with the gay and the great was duly recorded in the *Riviera Gazette*. "I quite agree with Sonia," declared Mevrouw at the Hague. "Montreux in the winter is eminently second rate. You talk about Princes and Kings at Montreux, but you meet them at Cannes." This was apropos of Harry's intimate intercourse at the Cercle de la Réunion with an old Royal Highness as full of play as a puppy.

Much as we all liked Harry and his mother, eager as we had been to contradict as ridiculous any rumours of their possible insolvency, it cannot be denied that the "Vicomte" business, when it reached us, came with the unpleasant persistency of a shock. You could not get away from the awkward impression it left that this was the sort of thing respectable people, in Holland at least, do not do. Mevrouw Brassy ignored the whole business: had anyone mentioned it to her, she would doubtless have laughed, and replied that the weather was seasonable. Meanwhile, the young couple led a brilliant and beautiful existence amid roses and diamonds, sunshine and glitter, while most of us envied them at home, in the wet and the work.

"But Harry is the sort of man who is bound to succeed!" said all my womenfolk. And my wife, whose

heart is as kind as if she had not brains enough to make it cruel, forbade my writing a funny account of the Viscountcy to my cousins in Paris. A pity, for I felt I could have delighted the soul of, say, Lise de Liencourt. And, of course, they all heard it from somebody else.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins," said my wife gently, as she arranged the blue tea-cups on the Dutch after-dinner tea-tray. The gusty wind of a shivery February evening beat wet against the window-panes. I had just put on morocco slippers, a thing I never do.

"But that doesn't mean 'hideth,'" I objected.

"Yes, it does," replied my wife with decision, for no woman ever doubts her own Bible exegesis.

And no wise man ever contradicts her.

So, as I silently sat glancing through the pages of the

treated me very cruelly!" she sobbed. "Harry has run away!"

"Run away!" we both exclaimed together.

"Run away!"

"Whither?" cried my wife. I said nothing, for I couldn't cry, "With whom?"

"I don't know. He went suddenly from Paris; he left me a letter—I will show you. He told me to come here, and I came. Can you put me up for the night—one night?"

"Of course," said my wife, with ready sympathy, and, quicker than I, went to ring the bell.

"But his mother?" questioned I. "Mevrouw Brassy—does she know?"

"Mamma-in-law? I cannot go to her. She is very angry with me," replied the poor thing, and cried more copiously than ever.

Now, it is difficult for me to represent to myself Mevrouw Brassy, whom I know fairly well—you see, she married my mother's cousin—as very angry with anyone, beyond a momentary outburst of passing passion. And I felt that in any case I could certainly never have continued indignant with so pretty and innocent and fluffy-haired a little girl.

"It is my fault," she said, when she had calmed down and sat, with her feet on the fender, drinking tea. "Yes, I had better confess at once; it is all my fault. But, then, you see, I loved him so!"—her voice broke—"I couldn't bear to think of losing him. And I thought he was very rich, and his mother only wanted more—he said he didn't care; but his mother told me he *must* marry money, and so I invented my uncle."

"Invented your uncle!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, I know it was very wrong; but, see, I have been severely punished." Her long eyelashes fell low on the soft pink cheeks. "Now, he has no money, and I have no money—no, we have no money at all."

"Not what fine people like you call money," suggested my wife with a smile.

Sonia lifted her eyes. "Pas le sou," she said. Both of us laughed again: one is so unwilling to admit poverty in others.

"And, see, here is his note!" said Sonia. She fumbled in a little reticule at her waist.

The little note, on pink perfumed paper—with a big coronet—read—

"Dearest Darling,—I must leave you. Don't cry. I cannot support you for the present. The shopkeepers are so disgustingly uncivil. We must separate. You had better go to my cousins the Maartenses, of whom I have so often told you. They are the kindest and nicest of all my relations. They will be good to you. HARRY."

I smiled, on the wrong side of my face, with a mixture of complaisance and irritation.

"A disgraceful letter!" said my wife in Dutch. In French she remarked: "And, then, he was gone?"

Sonia began crying again, quite gently. "Yes, he is gone; I know not where."

"Don't cry—I beg of you. Don't cry," I entreated, tortured. "You will stay here for the present, and I daresay he will soon come back." My wife cast me a quick look, very composite, but Sonia sat up and glanced all round the room.



An unknown lady stood before us in the middle of the room.

*Revue des Deux Mondes*, there came that important ring at the front door, and before I had realised possibilities (in connection with those impossible slippers) an unknown lady, very young, very pretty, rather wet, in an enormous, magnificent fur travelling-cloak, stood before us in the middle of the room.

I rose to my feet. "I beg your pardon, Madame," I began. "But—"

"Your cousin Sonia," she answered in French. "Don't scold your man."

"Madame Brassy!" exclaimed my wife, with her sweetest smile of welcome.

"Even thus, Sonia de Brassy," replied our visitor, and, dropping the heavy cloak about her feet, stood revealed—a graceful, girlish figure, in a faultlessly fitting dark tailor-made suit.

"And Harry?" ventured my wife a little timidly. "Where is Harry? Waiting outside?"

The Russian lady sat down on a convenient pile of cushions and burst into distressful tears. "Harry has



"Mon cousin," she said, "those slippers go badly with evening dress." I blushed, furious, yet not ill-pleased.

"Do you always say what you think, Madame?"

"Always? No. But among cousins! Fie, how stiff—'Madame'!"

"Let me show you your room," said my wife, rising.

"Oh, it will wait—will it not? I am so comfortable here. Yet, *au fond*, I should like to see my room—I know you will give me a good one. It is so nice—is it not?—a pretty bed-room, not big, and old-fashioned, and ugly. I always look for the sunniest room in a hotel."

"I fear we have not the choice of a hotel," replied my wife. "You should have come in the summer, when we are in the country—"

"Ah, that is true! He should have run away in the summer!" cried Sonia. She swept me a big curtsey, and followed the lady of the house.

"She preferred to remain upstairs; she is tired," said my wife on her return.

"You were rather unkind to her," I answered reproachfully.

My wife did not at once retort. Presently she said, over her needlework, "She wanted orange-water. I have sent John out for some. And she also wants a cup of tea at half-past ten, or she would not be able to sleep."

"Well, a cup of tea is a very little thing."

she breakfasted in her room) she was charming, exquisitely dressed, bright and sparkling, not averse to flirtation. I thoroughly enjoyed her magnificent singing. "Among women she is dull," said my wife.

When she had been with us more than a week, I suggested that she should call on her mother-in-law, whom, but for the latter's indisposition (that troublesome cough!), she must have met long ago in Society. To my astonishment Sonia blazed out at me—

"Do not speak of her! I refuse to go near her! For shame, mon cousin!"

"But still—"

"There is no 'but.' What have I to do with this woman and her son? They have robbed me! They have betrayed me! I hate them! I have good reason to hate them. Do you not think?"—she looked pleadingly at me—"that I have reason to hate them both?"

"Hate is such a strong word," I replied evasively.

"Do you think so? It is your Dutch blood says that. To me it is such a weak one. All my life I have wished for some person to invent proper words for the feelings I feel."

"Still, your mother-in-law—"

"It is to her I owe this miserable marriage. See, I am left to shift for myself; I am deserted!" She mastered her tears. "Ah, cousin, your family has much cause to make good to me all the wrong that my husband has done!"

"Dear cousin, as long as you are happy here—"

"You would not," she asked anxiously, "think it unkind of me to go?"

I said, "Yes, I should think it unkind"; but Sonia was looking at my wife:

At that moment I was called out of the room, because the postman was waiting to speak to me. "Here's a letter come back, Mynheer," said the postman, in the hall, "a registered letter they couldn't deliver in England. The gentleman had left."

I glanced at the envelope he extended. It was addressed to "Harry Brassy, Esq.," at some District Post Office in London.

"It was registered by a lady, who said she was only passing through," continued the postman, "but they think at the office she's been staying with you, Sir."

"She is here still," I replied, admiring for the doventh time the perfection of our postal arrangements. "I will get this receipt signed for you." And I went back to Sonia with the letter.

She blushed crimson when she saw it. "Ah, my poor little letter!" she cried. "Cousin, I have followed your advice: I have written! I registered the letter to an address he once gave me in London. See, it has not reached him. My poor little pitiful letter! Well, it was madness to send it—the madness of despair!"

"But it wasn't properly addressed," I said, pointing to the superscription.

"Oh, he had told me always to do that. You know



The connoisseur looked at her sharply. "You would be of the first half-dozen, Madame."

"It is." My wife's voice spoke volumes.

"She is exceedingly charming and pretty."

"She is."

"I wonder: Is she going to stay?"

"She is."

"Well, that is very nice and pleasant."

No answer at all.

"It is," said I, imitating my wife's voice. My wife looked up, laughing: "Don't say more than you can answer for!" But I felt annoyed with her: women are too jealous of each other. "I have seldom seen so delightful and simple and elegant a creature," I said.

"Naturally. Do not forget that she is the Vicomtesse de Brassy."

"Aha! You now find that convenient to remember!"

"Well, I hope she won't do any harm to the children," said my wife.

"The children will adore her," I answered confidently.

The children did. For indeed she was sweet to children, laughing and playing and singing and dancing from morning till night. She asked me to get her some Dutch money, not in exchange for French—only a few hundred florins, she said. And she bought very pretty presents for the children, and also for my wife and myself. She spoke excellent French, with the pretty Russian burr. And soon she became a great favourite in our circle of friends. My wife found her rather heavy, and sometimes rather light. She was incapable of occupying herself in any way by reading or working: she could only sing at the piano for hours, and that, in spite of her most beautiful voice, often had its objections. Also, she could interest herself endlessly in clothes, but not without someone to discuss them. When I saw her (never before lunch, for

"Happy! How can I be happy when I am destitute? I am like a beggar: I have not the means of subsistence. For these clothes I have been obliged to get, in your elegant world—" I smiled with approval. "Yes, they are overdressed," said Sonia. "Well, unless I pay the milliners I shall have to go to prison."

"How much money do you want?" I asked rashly.

"Eight hundred florins, mon cousin. Ah, thank you; you are a gentleman!"

"What could I do? Your husband does not communicate with you at all?" I said. "You have not written to him?"

"No, indeed, I have not written. Rather would I tear my eyes out. Would *your* wife, think you, write, mon cousin, if you had run away?"

"I suppose not," I said uncomfortably, standing on one leg.

"What, are you preparing, at the mere suggestion, to fly? Oh, you men! But no, you are not of the kind that betrays. Anna is happy!" She lifted her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes. "Never mind; I, too, am happy in having found so generous a relation. At least, I am saved from prison."

"Don't tell my wife," was all I could reply.

A week later I certainly began to understand the latter lady's smothered impatience. But the poor little deserted foreigner was so pathetic, so childishly incapable and harmless, that we could not find it in us to be otherwise than kind to her. Still, we greeted with a restrained alacrity her vague proposals of departure to stay with some other cousins—first cousins, those—whom she had met, and much liked, at our house.

how stupid they are in England about foreign addresses! Well, it is no use; he is not there." She gathered up her papers and hurried away.

"He is masquerading in London under a false name," said my wife.

"Not under a false name. Don't be illogical," I replied.

My wife nodded her head. "That is why the letter has not reached him," she said. "He has had to change his name. I always knew that she wrote to him, and now she has sent him money. I hope it wasn't much?" She looked up into my face.

"Not too much," I answered, and made good my escape. When we next saw Sonia her eyes were red. I felt very sorry for her. Of late they had often been so.

That evening we had some people to dinner. Sonia was beautifully dressed, I thought: my wife says she had not nearly as many new dresses as I imagined, but she possessed an admirable aptitude for draping and combining them, so that to male perceptions, which absorb the *ensemble*, she seemed everlastingly fresh.

After coffee Sonia sang. She sang more superbly than I had ever yet heard her—chiefly pathetic love-songs, French and German, and some of her own exquisitely passionate Slav music, so unlike ours. I can still feel the tears in her glorious soprano, as they seemed to fall, one by one, on her heart—

Ach, um Deine feuchten Schwingen,  
West, wie sehr ich Dich beneide!  
Denn Du kannst ihm Kunde bringen,  
Was ich in der Trennung leide!

She bore on, trembling with emotion, to the end. As the last note died away a thrill of pent-up ecstasy ran



through the company. A moment later one of the greatest connoisseurs of the country was complaining, almost bitterly, to the performer that circumstances prevented her from becoming a professional.

"It is a loss to the world," he said.

"So I have heard before," replied Sonia naïvely; "but, of course, people never meant it."

"I mean it."

"A pleasant future you would prepare for Madame," said another man. "A public singer!"

The first speaker turned angrily.

"You don't know what you're talking of," he cried.

"You are twenty years behind. Look at Patti, Nilsson, half-a-dozen others—bathing in millions, fêted by all the Sovereigns of Europe!"

"Oh, the half-dozen!" replied the other, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Yes, it is that I am afraid of," interrupted Sonia, who had listened eagerly: "the being second-rate. That, as a position, is pitiable!"

The connoisseur looked at her sharply.

"You would be of the first half-dozen, Madame," he answered. Somebody called me away, but I noticed that these two continued talking together for some time.

"Oh, of course, she sings admirably," said my wife, when all the guests were gone, and we stood comparing notes in the empty drawing-room.

And then she made some allusion to "chantage."

"She doesn't even pay her butcher," explained my wife. I looked up, surprised at this bit of information.

"Serve the wicked, expensive butcher right!" said Sonia. "But don't interrupt me, please. For now I have thought of a way to put everything straight; I am so happy. We want lots of money, all of us: we can't do without money, please! I am going to sing in concerts and—and on the stage. I shall earn heaps of money—not at once, of course, but some at once, and afterwards, more. I shall study hard, and learn things properly. I think I can act already—a little." She looked up shyly at me.

"You can," I answered.

"Thanks, mon cousin. You were always charming. It will be just the kind of life we shall like, just the kind that will suit us. There will soon be lots of money, I hope, to spend, and to waste, which is almost nicer! And—joy!"—oh, the leap in her voice!—"it is I shall gain money for Harry! He never could earn any for himself, poor boy. And yet he would have married me poor!"

"Where is Harry?" asked my wife severely.

"In London. I think he has had rather a—successful run at cards. I do hope he is having a good time."

My wife gave such a gasp that I laughed.

"But when I am a prima donna I shall not allow him to play, excepting just for fun." She rose and

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A new hostel will shortly be opened at Liverpool, and about a dozen graduates of Oxford and Cambridge will come into residence at once to be trained in parochial work and in the knowledge of the peculiar needs of the diocese. Bishop Chavasse has thrown himself heart and soul into the undertaking, which is expected to prove a great success.

There is still some difference about the site of the new Cathedral in Liverpool. The St. James's Mount site, which has been adopted on the ground of economy, is said not to be the best. The Evangelicals dwell on the possibilities of the Liverpool Cathedral as a centre of religious teaching and instruction to the diocese. The High Churchmen dwell upon it as "a central place for offering the one true worship."

The Rev. J. Maconechy, who was for some time curate to Archdeacon Sinclair of Kensington, has submitted to the See of Rome.

Bishop Welldon, who is not in strong health, has been addressing meetings on the subject of Church work in India. He maintains that the tone of Society in India is as high as it is at home, and even in the matter of religion he had found in many parts of India devout laymen who Sunday by Sunday had been carrying on regularly divine service in places where the chaplain's visits were very rare. The Eurasians created a problem



THE BICYCLE IN THE FRENCH ARMY: A CYCLIST CORPS OF 150 MEN AT THE LONGCHAMPS REVIEW.

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.

A pun from her lips is the rarest of pearls. I felt she must be strongly excited.

"Hush!" I said, for the door had creaked, and Sonia entered the room, clad in some exquisite white wrapper.

"I cannot sleep," she said, trembling from head to foot. "I want to talk to you both."

I led her to a chair and tried to soothe her, as one might a frightened child.

"I cannot stand it any longer," she said. "I—I must go back to him!" And spreading both her hands across her face, she burst into a storm of weeping.

"I love him so!" she sobbed, "I love him so!"

Then my wife went up to her, and putting both arms round her neck, kissed her between the curls upon her forehead.

"No, no," continued Sonia, gently putting the comforter aside, "I want to tell you *all*. You have been good to me. It is a shame. See, it was a plot. When we found we had no money left, he said: 'I will go and make some. A man can always manage. A woman is different. You must go,' he said, 'to my Dutch relations and say I have deserted you. They will take you in, and if you can get some money from them, you might send me what you do not want.' That is what we arranged together, and we wrote the letter. See, I, when you turned me out, I was to have gone to another." Her pretty cheeks were burning. Her sorrow and shame would have melted a stone.

"Old Madame Brassy ought to be ashamed of herself," said my wife, with ready insight.

And suddenly Sonia laughed.

"Yes, I fear," she said, "we have all been very, very naughty. But mamma-in-law is as poor as we. Heaven only knows how she manages to hang on!"

walked to the door. "Well, now I have told you all. Mon cousin, you must leave me the use of this money. I will repay it. I am going to begin at once; as soon as Harry sends me his new address, I shall write to him to join me in Paris. Is it not a beautiful plan, mon cousin?"

"I think it is very wrong," said my wife. "The stage!"

"But you, mon cousin?" asked Sonia pleadingly.

"God bless you, child," said I. She closed the door hastily between us.

"What did you say to her?" questioned my wife.

"I said 'God bless you.'"

"Well," replied my wife reflectively. "Well, well! one can always say that."

These things did not happen yesterday. Sonia—her name wasn't Sonia—is a bright operatic star! She and her husband, never far distant from his mother, live in reckless luxury all over Europe. In private life he is known as the Vicomte de —; the name wasn't Brassy.

THE END.

## CYCLISTS AT LONGCHAMPS.

The chief attraction at the recent Longchamps review was a company of 150 military cyclists, formed by Captain Gérard at Sedan. This officer is not only the originator of this new branch of the French army, but is also the inventor of the bicycles on which the soldiers are mounted. The whole of the bicycle equipment, which includes a change of trousers, a cloak, and mess-tin, weighs only forty-two pounds.

of particular difficulty, being a class singularly unable to help themselves. The Bishop believes that if the Church of England could only be adequately provided with the ministry she requires, the future of India would be found ultimately to lie in her hands.

The cross in memory of the late Mrs. Paget, wife of the Bishop of Oxford, has been placed on the altar at Christ Church Cathedral.

Canon Gore, who has conducted seven of the annual retreats for clergy at Keble College, has received a handsome present of books, including the works of St. Athanasius in the Benedictine folio edition.

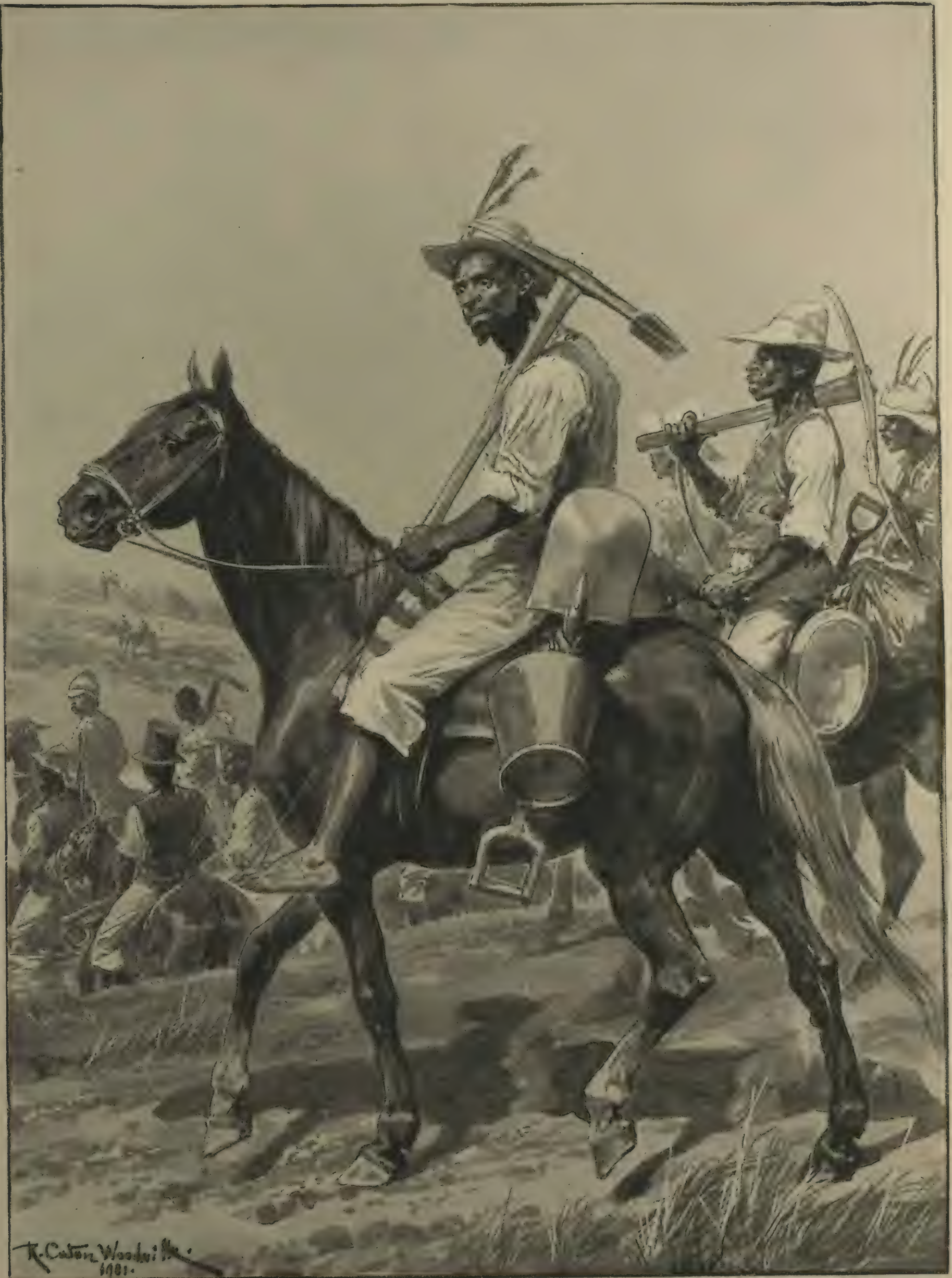
The Rev. Professor J. S. Banks, of Leeds, is likely to be chosen as President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in succession to Professor W. T. Davison.

The death of the Rev. Andrew Jukes has passed with little notice; but his great career and influence were of no ordinary kind. He was curate at St. John's, Hull, 1842-44, and afterwards became a Plymouth Brother. During his retirement from the world he published many books on the spiritual significance of the Bible. They obtained a large circulation. Mr. Jukes, in 1867, published a volume on the "Restitution of all Things," combating the doctrine of eternal punishment. This led to his exclusion from the Plymouth Brethren, and he became again a clergyman of the Church of England. He did not resume public ministry, but at private gatherings for study and devotion he was frequently found, and a well-known layman says that he was "the most interesting expositor I have ever heard."

I understand that Sir Walter Besant, in the autobiography which he has left behind him, has made a frank statement of his religious views.



T H E       T R A N S V A A L       W A R.



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DRAWN, FROM A SKETCH, BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



LOUIS HARRISON. LORD HIGH STEWARD.

EARL RUSSELL.



EARL RUSSELL TRIED BY HIS PEERS FOR BIGAMY, JULY 18: THE LORD HIGH STEWARD READING THE SENTENCE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



## LITERATURE.

## NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Oliver Cromwell.* By Samuel Rawson Gardiner, M.A. London: Longmans. 5s.)
- Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe.* By W. J. A. Stamer. (London: Chapman and Hall. 12s.)
- The Anglo-Saxon Review.* June 1901. Edited by Mrs. George Cornwallis-West. (London: 49, Rupert Street, W. 21s.)
- Fiander's Widow.* By M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell). (London: Longmans. 6s.)
- A Leader of Light Horse.* By Captain L. J. Trotter. (Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 6s.)
- They That Took the Sword.* By Nathaniel Stephenson. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
- The Land of Cockayne.* By Matilde Srao. (London: W. Heinemann. 6s.)

Mr. Gardiner's biography of Oliver Cromwell is an issue in cheaper form of the ornate edition first published by Messrs. Goupil in their Illustrated Series. The text, however, has been carefully revised. Here in the brief compass of three hundred and twenty pages we have what may well serve as the last word on Cromwell. Historians are sometimes praised because their tomes are said to "read like a novel." The reference is to their rhetoric, doubtless, to their power of language and picturesque narration. Mr. Gardiner has nothing of this. His is the "dry light." But his biography of Cromwell "reads like a novel" in a finer sense than the words usually bear. It is a drama of character and the circumstances that affect it. Hence his work has the inevitability and completeness of a great work of art; he gets into the mind of Cromwell, and shows you that, given such a man and given such surroundings, the end could not be other than it was. We are present at the necessary evolution of a great character. Hence we close the book with a sense of finality; we feel that Mr. Gardiner has shown us the innermost springs of action: such was Cromwell, such the age, such must have been the ending. Cromwell and England had to dree their weird. That does not mean, to be sure, that Cromwell himself saw the end from the outset. As a novelist sees whither his characters are tending, while they themselves are ignorant, so Mr. Gardiner sees whither Cromwell is tending, while he himself is ignorant. Indeed, nothing is more obvious from these pages than the absurdity of the charge that Cromwell all along meant to be a military despot. All he wanted at first was a constitutional reform by which Charles I. should become such a Sovereign as our present King. So anxious was he to preserve the monarchy that the bigots of his own side accused him of truckling to the Court party. When the double-dealing of Charles made it plain to Cromwell that a King of that kind was unsafe for England, he fell back on the Parliament and loyally tried to work it for England's benefit. But the Parliament was as tyrannical as the Stuarts. It refused to pay its just debt to the Army; it refused liberty of conscience; corruption was rampant in its midst. Reluctantly Cromwell had to suppress it. And so we see him gradually driven on to assume the absolute power in the interests of England itself. All this Mr. Gardiner makes absolutely plain, the unimpassioned clearness of his style possessing us with the conviction that he is stating nothing but the truth.

The author of "Twenty Thousand Miles of Road Travel in Central and Western Europe" has devoted some years to travelling by carriage through parts of Europe that are attractive to tourists. People hoping to visit the same ground may find something of interest in the book; it is unlikely that the general reader will be attracted. Travellers who are men of learning and observation often respond to what is picturesque or historical in foreign countries without being able to convey their enthusiasms through the medium of the printed page. Mr. Stamer's narrative is undistinguished, though it would be regarded as a private diary of the first class, and would doubtless be valued by the author's personal friends as an intelligent record of things seen. Having said as much, the last word of praise is uttered, for the book has a flavour of penny readings illustrated by lantern-slides. A serious public cannot create or sustain keen interest in the moods and humours of the author's mare; the state of her temper and appetite are of no moment. Then, again, it is late in the day—very late, we may say—to record solemnly the history of the Monte Carlo Casino and the best-known German watering-places. It has all been done before—done better, we are compelled to add. Mr. Stamer is apparently an educated, observant man, but his intelligence is not literary and his observation does not rise above Baedeker. We cannot expect to find many travellers able to see life and people as Kinglake and Burton could see them, nor is it fair to expect like gifts of observation in every author of books of travel. Unfortunately the tendency of the time is towards the publication of works on foreign countries by travellers whose gifts of vision and literary form are not sufficiently great to justify them in undertaking their task. Against this tendency the reviewer is bound in duty to protest, more particularly when an author claims for his effort that it is more than a book of travels, that it is a treatise on foreign life and customs, and a comparative analysis of European people. We are unable to find in Mr. Stamer's work a valuable contribution to any of the questions with which he deals.

Adorned with an autographed portrait of Queen Alexandra for its frontispiece, the new number of the *Anglo-Saxon Review* proceeds to the problematic and the polemical in an article on "The Next Government," contributed by Mr. H. W. Massingham. In the calm atmosphere of a quarterly it may be possible to say without clamour that there never was a time in modern English history "when there was more discontent with the practice by English statesmen of the art of Government, and more uncertainty concerning available methods of improving it." That is the main thesis of Mr. Massingham, illustrated by allusions to the present war ("the unsuccessful war," he calls it) as inevitable in this writer as is an allusion to ghosts, or golf, or the Stuarts in any article by Mr. Andrew Lang. A favourite quotation (and from a Bishop, too) of Lord Beaconsfield's was: "And the commonalty murmured and said there never were so many gentlemen and so little gentleness." So that Mr. Massingham's formula is only a little different—there never were so little statesmanship and so many statesmen. Mr. R. B. Cunninghame Graham eschews politics, though he does not always eschew provocative phrases, in his account of the Gualichu Tree, which stands all alone on "the wind-swept Patagonian stone-strewn steppes": a tree held by some to be an altar to the Gualichu, the evil spirit whom the wandering Indian tribes believe to have supremacy over the good. "So fluttering in the breeze it stood, a sort of everlasting Christmas-tree, decked out with broken bridles, stirrups, old tin cans, pieces of worn-out ponchos, bolas, lance-heads, and skins of animals, by worshippers to whom the name of Christian meant robber, murderer, and intruder on their lands." Mr. Cunninghame Graham has a graphic manner, but behind his words a certain impatience of civilisation is implied; and, without being explicitly stated, is even aggressive. We are reminded

deal of the fresh charm of the book disappears; and we ask ourselves if in real life "the Prince" would have carried all before him to the undoing of his, to our thinking, far more attractive Uncle Isaac. Yet one more word of criticism. The prevailing mania for pictorial cover-designs reaches in this book a terrible climax of blues, greens, and yellows, and so delighted is the publisher or the author with this performance that it is actually repeated on the paper wrapper in which the book is enclosed.

In "A Leader of Light Horse" Captain Trotter has made generous use of the Rev. Prebendary George Hodson's Life of his famous brother. New matter has been obtained, however, from early friends of Major Hodson, such as the Rev. F. A. Foster, and from soldiers and others who knew him in India. A letter from Hodson to Mr. Foster has especial interest at the present time, when we are all talking of the improvements required in military administration. Hodson's letter shows that the same blunders and the same complaints were common in the middle of the nineteenth century. Writing of the first Sikh War, Hodson says: "England is ringing with the deeds of the army of the Satlaj. How would it not be roused from end to end were the whole truth known!" And then he proceeds to speak of the "tissue of mismanagement, blunders, errors, ignorance, and arrogance displayed during the campaign." Hodson of Hodson's Horse was never afraid to speak his mind. It was his outspokenness, no doubt, and his imperious manner that gained him so many enemies. He seems to have been somewhat too arbitrary and brusque. But he was a gallant figure and a splendid soldier, and the scandals raised against his name by his enemies are finally refuted in this biography. When he was accused of falsifying the accounts of the Guides, of which he had held the command, Reynell Taylor, "the Bayard of the Punjab," reported after a most exhaustive inquiry that Hodson was entirely innocent. His removal from the Guides, however, had excited a great deal of attention, and as his acquittal was not made generally public, people continued to whisper that "there was something not quite straight about Hodson." And so with that other daring feat of his, for which he was attacked so venomously. After we had captured Delhi, Hodson rode out to the tomb of Hamayun with only a hundred troopers, and captured the rebel princes who had tortured and murdered their English prisoners in the previous May. He shot them dead with his own hand. But the mob was threatening to effect a rescue, and a bold stroke was required. Yet for his promptness and daring he was called a murderer! Captain Trotter is not blind to Hodson's faults, but he shows how grossly he has been maligned.

"They That Took the Sword" is founded on an episode of the American War of Secession. The scene is laid at Cincinnati, where, as in so many American cities, families were rent asunder by the issues of the struggle. An abortive attempt to secure Cincinnati for the Confederacy brings this domestic discord sharply to a head, and Mr. Stephenson endeavours to interest us in the tragedy of such a conflict. He does this with

only moderate success. The book is written with an exasperating affectation that we had hoped was dead. There have been great novelists who could assume a gently patronising manner towards their characters, and check the story to engage in confidential asides to the reader. But when this is done by an amateurish hand, it becomes extremely silly. Mr. Stephenson should have taken to heart some advice of Mr. Howells's on this subject before he wrote his book. He would then have avoided the blunder of making it appear that he regards the telling of this story as a great condescension on his part. Nobody will lay it down with a sense of having received a favour from Mr. Stephenson.

Cockayne, in "The Land of Cockayne," is not the realm where your accent is determined by the sound of Bow Bells. It is Naples; and the book is one of those elaborate studies of Neapolitan life which have made this writer justly distinguished. They are not for the novel-reader who wants to wile away a pleasant hour with something that tickles the fancy. The Neapolitans are presented to us as emotional children who dote upon sweetmeats, and ruin themselves in the Government lottery. This novel is a fierce indictment of State gambling, but the author is an artist, not a pamphleteer, and the insane passion that the lottery excites in all ranks of society is illustrated by minute observation of character. The craving for lucky numbers develops a superstitious credulity that has no parallel in modern experience. It infects the educated as well as the ignorant, and turns religion to a frenzied rhapsody of petitions for lottery "tips." The most remarkable figure in the story is an old nobleman, reduced by this gambling to the direst poverty, who has the crazy delusion that by starving his daughter he can make her see "spirits," and wring from them the secrets that will give him wealth. In any other atmosphere such a conception would seem monstrous; but in Naples, where the saints are publicly invited to work miracles, or else forfeit the popular esteem, it is in harmony with the general order. The effect of this delirium is greatly heightened by the restraint of Matilde Srao's style. No writer contrives to give so many novel sensations with such impersonal gravity.



ARMAND JEAN DU PLESSIS, CARDINAL DE RICHELIEU.

From the painting by Philippe de Champaigne, in the National Gallery. Reproduced from the "Anglo-Saxon Review," by permission of Mrs. George Cornwallis-West.

of him in a phrase used by Mr. Andrew Lang in his essay on Smollett, who "travelled angrily." Mr. H. D. Lowry, in his essay on "The Necessity for Optimism," is probably both right and wrong in his charge of error against those who speak of youth as the happiest period in human life. "Joy of our youth!" is a phrase which will always have its poignant meaning. Other phases of happiness, dependent on wisdom, on settlement in life and love, and so forth, no doubt there are, and time is all on their side. It is perhaps as a point in Mr. Lowry's principled optimism that he asserts his belief in the happiness of even the children of the slums. Mr. Cyril Davenport's gossip on "Snuff-boxes," Mrs. Arthur Kennard's "Two Seventeenth Century Women," and Mr. George Hibbard's "Horace Walpole," are articles which seem to belong by right to the *Anglo-Saxon Review*—which is no less than saying that it seems to have its distinctive and separate place, quite as much in its contents as in its delightful outward form.

Mrs. Francis Blundell has made "Dorset dear" her own province, and the author of "Pastorals of Dorset" has never been more successful than in the really charming story which sets forth the simple joys and sorrows of Fiander's Widow, one of the freshest and most sympathetic heroines with whom it has been our good fortune to meet. Those readers of novels—and they are many—who dread, with good reason, the psychological studies now offered us under the guise of fiction, will find this clearly drawn humorous picture of a rustic heroine, and that of her simple love affairs, her very real trials, and her final triumph, a pleasant change from the morbid analytical books with which the English reading world is now flooded. The dialect, such as it is, is convincing and natural without being in the least difficult to read; and those portions of the story in which Mrs. Blundell analyses the beautiful widow's feelings and sensations during the course of her several wooings are written with rare distinction and restraint. The book is divided into three sections—"The Bride," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "The Prince"; and we must admit that we much prefer the first two sections to the last, for when the more or less conventional hero appears on the scene, a good





A NOVEL SUMMER GYMKHANA AT VINCENNES.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.



ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The "silly season" has set in all over Europe, and most of the ultra-civilised nations are delighted with the interval of rest afforded them from the daily worries of life, whether social, professional, or commercial. If they give the matter a thought at all, they trust to be spared sensational events that may mentally disturb their yearly and, in many cases, well-earned holiday. There is, however, one nation which does not quite share the modest aspirations of the others in that respect; or, if not a whole nation, at any rate a considerable part of it. Frenchmen of the present day belonging to all but the very humblest classes leave their permanent urban homes for the country or the seaside or on visits to foreign countries, although the proportion of those who wander beyond their own frontiers is comparatively small. It is not absolutely the insatiable craving for fresh woods and pastures new; fashion and imitation are not unimportant factors in this annual flitting. Whatever be the motive of their summer trip, they are not disposed altogether to disperse with sensation. This insatiable craving for "stirring news," whether genuine, doubtful, or wholly fictitious, is practically an hereditary and endemic ailment among the people to whose journalists belongs the honour of having invented the "sea-serpent." It was *Le Mercure Galant*, a "Society paper," which began its existence more than three centuries and a quarter ago, that practically perfected and garnished the *pièce de résistance* of the regularly recurrent "silly season." Englishmen of the older generations are by no means guiltless of having tasted of that attractive dish. Of course the sea-serpent is played out: no paper so poor or so limited in circulation as to do it reverence to-day.

Under the circumstances, it would have gone hard with the majority of European editors and journalists if their *clientèle* were as greedy for the wondrous in newspaper articles as the French. To the Gallic scribes the decline and fall of the sea-serpent caused not a moment's uneasiness. They were and are perfectly able to cope with the difficulty of replacing the wonderful creature, for their powers of invention verge upon the sublime. Nevertheless, they have had no occasion, at any rate for the last three silly seasons, to exercise those powers compulsorily. There was genuine sensational news in abundance. About this time three years ago (1898), the "Affaire Dreyfus" began to rear its head. Immediately after its assuming monumental proportions there came the battle of Omdurman, the tragic death of the Empress of Austria, and, a few weeks later, the Fashoda business. In 1899, the silly season was scarcely long enough to contain all the incidents connected with the second Dreyfus trial. In 1900, there was the Paris Exhibition, with its daily pabulum of diverting episodes.

There is no journalistic necessity for this manufacture of sensational news, even if M. Pierre Baudin, the Minister of Public Works, had not been shot at by a half-crazy Countess with a grievance, who mistook him for M. Delcassé, the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The so-called revolution of the female pupils of the School of Arts, who claim to be treated like men in their study of the nude, has also fallen flat. If M. Georges Leygues, the Minister of Public Education, intended to create a sensation by his alarming statement about the increase of "alcoholism" in France, he must by this time be aware that he has equally missed his mark. With all due deference to the carefully marshalled statistics of that decidedly worthy and painstaking member of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Administration, I for one beg to doubt his conclusions. A great quantity of wine and strong liquors is consumed in France; in spite of this, it is extremely rare to see a drunken man. Absinthe is the most dangerous of all the French intoxicants, and its victims are undoubtedly many; yet I adhere to my statement. A visibly drunken man is the exception in French towns. I am not prepared to say that alcoholism is not working its terrible mission in France, but as yet its obtrusive effects are considerably exaggerated; and neither Englishmen nor Germans need lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are better than Frenchmen in that respect, or even beginning to be better. In my forty-five years' experience, as a lad and as a man, of Paris and the rest of the French towns, I have never seen a friend or an acquaintance of mine—consequently men of my own class—the worse for drink. I should not like to make the same unqualified statement with regard to my English friends and acquaintances. France in general, and Paris in particular, having declined to be amused by a plagiarism of the "Gyp mystery"; having found nothing worthy of interest in the School of Arts affair and in the attempt on M. Baudin, and thinking with regard to M. Leygues' alarmist prophecy that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," there remained nothing but the exploits of the submarine craft of M. Gustave Zédé, and these have not altogether been satisfactory. The scribes were sharpening their pencils again when there came the ascent of M. Santos Dumont. The partial success of it is the topic of the hour as I write, but I am afraid its interest will not constitute even a nine days' wonder; so I am compelled to wait for the next sensation, and, as a logical consequence, to keep the reader waiting.

Miss Eleanor A. Ormerod, the well-known entomologist, whose death at St. Albans, after a severe illness, was announced on July 19, was born at Sedbury Park. She was additional Examiner in Agricultural Entomology at the University of Glasgow; and wrote, among other works, a text-book on the subject, published in 1892. She devoted all her spare time to furthering the interests of agriculturists.

The heat in London last week reached as much as eighty-eight in the shade at two o'clock in the day. Many deaths from the effects of the sun were recorded both in London and the country, several manufactories having to work at night instead of day. Even at night a very high temperature was maintained throughout the week. The demand for ice was quite abnormal.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F R THOMAS (Worcester).—Your problem is not bad for a first attempt, but it is rather too simple for our use.

J SAUNDERS (Woolwich).—Your problem is interesting, but it belongs to a class we have always excluded from this column.

F DRAKE. —The solution required is 1. Q to K 2nd, K moves; 2. B to R 6th, etc. We cannot reply by post.

N M GIBBINS (Cambridge).—Your problem shall appear shortly. We note the contents of your card.

E W BURNELL.—If Black play 1. K to K 4th, White can continue two ways—2. Q to B 7th, or 2. B takes R, etc.

M WHITTINGHAM.—Your problem is correct and rather pretty, but it is a trifle too easy for publication.

L DESANGES.—Unfortunately, your problem is loaded with duals. If Black play 1. B to B 6th, 2. Q to K 3rd or P takes B, and there are others equally bad.

C W (Sunbury).—Very acceptable.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2081 received from Mohd Shaida Ali Khan (Rampore); of No. 2083 from C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2084 from Cedric and Leonard Owen (Russia) and A G Bagot (Dublin); of No. 2085 from F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Hereward, J Bryden (Wimbledon), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and Marco Salem (Sasso).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2086 received from W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), Frank Shrubsole (Faversham), Alpha, E J Winter Wood, F W Moore (Brighton), J F Moon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Hereward, F Drake, R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, J Saunders (Woolwich), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), E S (Holbeach), Edith Winter (Croydon), D B R (Oban), M A Pyre (Folkestone), F J S (Hampstead), C E Perugini, T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Albert Wolff (Putney), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Henry A Donovan (Listowel), Charles Burnett, F Dalby, Clement C Danby, William Isaac Sheerness-on-Sea, Martin F, Edith Corser (Reigate), F W C (Wallingford), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), W Lillico (Edinburgh), L Penfold, Sorrento, J A S Hanbury (Moseley), and C M A B.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2085.—By D. MACKAY.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Kt sq. Kt moves

2. R to B 5th (ch) K takes R

3. P to Q 4th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, 2. R to B 5th; if 1. P to B 4th, 2. R to K 3rd (ch); and if 1. P to Q 5th, 2. K to Kt 4th, and 3. R or B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2088.—By W. C. BROSSMAN.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played between Messrs. E. LASKER and S. J. WILSON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	21. R to Kt sq	P takes Kt
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	22. B takes B P	P to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	23. P to Kt 6th	K to R sq
4. P to Q 4th	R to K 2nd	24. R to Kt 4th	Q R to K sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	25. P takes Kt	Q to B 2nd
6. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt		
7. Q takes Kt	P to B 4th		

The beginning of trouble for Black. After this advance a hole is left at his Q 3rd, which causes a central weakness. This can never be got over.

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
8. Q to K 3rd	Castles	26. R to Kt 8th (ch)	R takes R
9. B to Q 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	27. Q takes Q	R to Kt 8th (ch)
10. B to K 2nd	P to Q 3rd	28. K to Q 2nd	R to K 4th
11. P to K R 3rd	P to R 3rd	29. B to B 4th	R to Kt 7th (ch)
12. Castles Q R	P to Q Kt 4th	30. K to Q sq	R to Kt 8th (ch)
13. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to R 2nd	31. K to K 2nd	R takes P (ch)
14. P to K R 4th	B takes R P	32. K to B 2nd	R to Kt 7th (ch)
	White's favour. It simply assists his attack.	33. K takes R	R to K 2nd (ch)
15. P to B 4th	P to Kt 4th	34. K to R 3rd	R takes Q
16. P to B 5th	B to Kt 2nd	35. B takes R	K takes P
17. R takes B		36. B takes P	B to K 5th
	After this there is little left for Black anywhere on the board; but his struggles are interesting and amusing.	37. B to Kt 6th (ch)	P to Kt sq
18. Q takes R P	P takes R	38. P to B 3rd	P to Q 4th
19. Q to R 5th	Q to B 3rd	39. K takes P	P to B 5th
20. P to Kt 5th	Q to Kt 2nd	40. K to Kt 5th	P to R 4th
		41. K to R 6th	P to R 5th
		42. B to Kt 7th	B to Kt 8th
		43. P to B 6th	Resigns.

A little problem. Whether B takes P or not, mate is forced. The game was played sans voir during an ordinary simultaneous exhibition.

CORRESPONDENCE CHESS.

Game played in America between Messrs. A. C. LONG (Chicago) and G. W. JONES (Brooklyn).

(Centre Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	14. R to R 3rd	Kt to Q 2nd
	The point of this defence is that it avoids the regular openings and gambits, and forces White's hand.	15. R to R 3rd	R to K sq
2. P takes P	Q takes P	16. Q to R 5th	Kt to B sq
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q sq	17. P to B 5th	Q to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	18. P to Kt 4th	R to K 2nd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	19. R to K B sq	Q R to K sq
6. B to K 2nd	P to K 3rd	20. Q to R 3rd	Q to R 3rd
7. Castles	B to Q 3rd	21. P to Kt 5th	Q takes P
8. Kt to K 5th	B takes B	22. P to Kt 6th	Q to Kt 8 (ch)
9. Q takes B	P to Q B 3rd	23. P to B sq	Q takes B P
10. P to B 4th	Castles	24. B to B 4th	B takes B
11. B to K 3rd	Kt to Q 4th	25. P takes P (ch)	K to R sq
12. Kt takes Kt	K P takes Kt	26. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt P
13. R to B 3rd	P to B 3rd	27. K to R sq	Q takes Q P
14. Kt to Q 3rd		28. R to Kt 3rd	Q to K 5th (ch)
	R to R 3rd seems better. Then if P takes Kt, 15. Q to K 5th, with a strong game.	29. R (B sq) to B 3rd	P to Q 5th
		30. Kt to Kt 6th (ch)	Kt takes Kt

White resigns. The Black Queen went Pawn-hunting with effect. Black's Knight at B sq was his salvation all through.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I was witness the other day of an incident which affords material for a little study in social science. A poor man had fallen down in an epileptic fit, and lay exhibiting all the distressing features of such a seizure. First aid was very admirably rendered to him, and the patient was being carefully carried to a place of safety. The usual crowd collected, and pressed and hustled in order to gratify its morbid curiosity by gazing upon the poor victim of a "nerve storm." Two policemen had the greatest difficulty in clearing the way for the sick man and his bearers, and it was only by dint of a good deal of pushing and jostling that the officers of the law were enabled to discharge their duty. The spectacle thus enacted set me cogitating over the genesis and evolution of the existent and widespread desire to see whatever in the way of the horrible is enacted amongst us.

That this morbid tendency is a real fact of existence is a statement which hardly requires any demonstration or proof. There are numberless units amongst us who regard everything which even suggests the horrible as a species of treat to be enjoyed all the more because they have in no sense to pay the piper, while they fully enjoy the tune. Like a certain historical fat boy, they delight to make people feel creepy over the recital of the gruesome sights they have seen, as in turn they relish a like sensation inflicted on themselves.

When you are in Paris, how often do you hear even girls saying to their guardians, "Oh! do let us go to the Morgue!" This may seem a very shocking accusation to make, but I appeal to Britons who know Paris, and who have observed the ways of the strangers within its gates, to say whether they have not seen many of their compatriots, male and female, visiting the gruesome chamber just behind Notre Dame. I heard one lady years ago declaring that she went to the Morgue because she wanted to see the last scene in Count Fosco's history. She had been reading "The Woman in White." My private opinion was that she simply had a keen scent for the horrible, and gratified it under a specious excuse.

There is much the same development of this taste seen in lower life when crowds will stand aimlessly gaping at a house which has been the scene of a murder. They can see nothing whatever, only it gratifies their morbid nature to gaze on the dwelling, and to picture to themselves the details of the tragedy which was enacted within its walls. I have seen a crowd of people wait for a couple of hours to watch the black flag appear on the staff of a prison by way of announcing that Justice had at last claimed her own. There was nothing to be seen save the appearance of the square of black cloth, but it elicited a long-drawn collective sigh from the assembled units. In the old days, when executions were publicly conducted, we know how the morbid spirit manifested itself.

In Holyrood Palace, visitors believe they can still see the dark stain on the boards which marked the tragedy wherein Rizzio's life ended. Local report suggests that this stain is yearly renewed, chiefly for the benefit of American tourists; but to this suggestion nobody is likely to give credence. I was once told, however, of a party of miners who, on a holiday to the Scottish capital, visited Holyrood, and demanded to be shown "where the murder was committed." After considerable delay, it dawned on the mind of the attendant that the visitors meant the Rizzio scene. He remarked that the tragedy occurred a few hundreds of years back, whereupon one of the mining party, evidently disappointed with the information, exclaimed, "Come on, lads! I thought it happened last week!" The historic interests of Holyrood held out no attraction as against a supposed recent homicide.

For my own part, I can see in this seeking after the gruesome side of life an evolution of much the same ideas that prompted a savage to torture his captive before killing him, that animated the Romans when, thumbs down, they demanded the slaying of the fallen, or that to-day are extant in Spain, where maimed and torn horses and wounded bulls constitute the elements of so-called "sport." When a matador is added to the list of the sacrificed, I suppose the game is regarded as all the more interesting. We are to-day in the direct line of our ancestors in this matter of a liking for the gruesome, and only the higher evolution of things due to education and the spread of "sweetness and light" will cure us of our mental ailment.

Once upon a time I took two intelligent lads to a famous waxworks show. They saw the Kings and Queens of England, they beheld effigies of famous preachers, they saw men of science and members of Parliament, duly figured forth in all the realism of life. They were disappointed that the figures did not move; but we all experience our fly in the ointment, and I endeavoured to console them through the practicable media of buns and lemonade. Then I imagined my tour was ended. But I was mistaken. After the refection, my young friends, like giants refreshed, intimated that they were "now ready for the Chamber of Horrors!"

To the chamber accordingly (sixpence extra, which I cheerfully paid, of course) we went. The murderers' gallery reminded one of a jury-box in a court of justice. They were all highly respectable in appearance, but I had a bad half-hour with my young friends, because I had to relate the stories (edited somewhat) of each crime in order to add to the enjoyment of the visit. There was also a penny-in-the-slot apparatus, in which you witnessed an execution in all its details. That apparatus cost me an additional sixpence. Each boy saw it thrice. When we left, an old lady, who also was making the grand tour of the chamber, was busy with the penny-in-the-slot execution. She had already sacrificed twopence, and from this I conclude that no age is exempt from an attack of the gruesome fever.



THE HEAT WAVE IN NEW YORK: SCENES IN THE CITY AND AT THE SEASIDE.



ON THE BEACH AT MANHATTAN.  
A SHOWER BATH AT MULBERRY BEND.

UNDER THE TREES IN BATTERY PARK.

SEA-BATHING AT OCEAN GROVE.  
SPRAYING HORSES FROM A STREET HYDRANT.



## LADIES' PAGE.

Though the season has been far from brilliant, it is, in some sort of compensation, dragging on unusually late. The Academy soirée, for instance, is commonly held in the first week of June; but this year it has been deferred till the last week of July. It is rather a curious function, every exhibitor whose picture appears on the walls being invited—unlike the Private View, to which the artists are not bidden, excepting always the leading lights of the R.A. circle. Then there have been quite a number of Society engagements



BLUE SERGE GOWN TRIMMED WITH WHITE BRAID

during the past two weeks, including the Duchess of Wellington's garden-party, at which the guests were deeply interested in many relics of the famous Iron Duke, and the pretty fête given at the Botanic Gardens, under Lady Ancaster's superintendence, at which many lovely little children danced for the benefit of the unhappy ones over whom the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children watches. Weddings are the natural conclusion of a season, and they are, alas! for obvious reasons, less numerous than usual this year. The daughter of the Earl of Glasgow, Lady Alice Boyle, was one of last week's brides, the ceremony being as picturesque as it commonly is when an officer of the Guards is the bridegroom, the Guards' Chapel the scene, and the men of the regiment interested. I do not remember having before heard the Grenadier Guards' band playing at a wedding, but it did so on this occasion for Colonel Fergusson. Lady Alice Boyle had her wedding-dress made of the new fabric known as satin-de-Chine, which has the softness of texture of crêpe-de-Chine with the surface of satin. It was trimmed with a flounce of pleated chiffon, under a graceful draping of old Brussels lace. The bodice had a transparent yoke and sleeves of chiffon, and a deep swathed belt of crêpe-de-Chine fastened with three little diamond buckles at the back; round the shoulders was a fichu of Brussels lace fixed with a cluster of orange-blossoms. It was a "white wedding," the bridesmaids' frocks of white glacé silk inserted with lace being only slightly relieved by sashes of palest pink mousseline-de-soie; they wore veils and wreaths of pink roses. Lady Alice Fergusson went away in blue voile laid over white silk, with a transparent yoke of écarle lace; and, in accordance with the fashion on which I recently reported, lace of another tint trimming her wide muslin collar—a delicate cream in tone was this—while narrow black velvet ribbon passed three or four times round the waist to form a sort of belt.

Nurses are fortunate in receiving as much kind interest from her present Majesty as the late Queen always showed to the members of the noble profession. The reception at Marlborough House was attended by over a thousand of the hard-working women interested. They were the more fortunate in that the gracious lady who handed them their certificates with her own pleasant smile was really rewarding them for "doing good unto themselves." They received certificates of having agreed to

pay a small sum annually into a pension fund, to which certain wealthy men have made large gifts, in order that those of the nurses who live to be past work may be entitled to claim their own old-age pensions without any sacrifice of independence. Would that every class of women workers had a similar scheme, and the same stimulus to deny themselves trifling present pleasures for the sake of security in the future!

Earl Russell has had the singular fortune of illustrating to the world at large many points about the English marriage laws. One matter that was confirmed over again in his case was, indeed, already abundantly settled by legal decisions, the only difference being that in his case it was a man who suffered, while usually it is, in the nature of things, a wife who is affected, by the state of the law; namely, that legal "cruelty" must be either positive physical violence, or must have had the physical effect of breaking down the health of the victim. It has actually been ruled by the Divorce Court that not even leaving a sick wife twenty-four hours without food, fire, or attention was to be held "cruelty" in the legal sense; and in Lord Russell's case it was once more affirmed that no extent of moral suffering inflicted, no injury by false accusation, no unkind treatment that does not hurt the body of the victim, is "cruelty" under the divorce law. Had this not been held, we should have been spared the scandal of the recent trial. It is particularly sad that Lord Russell should have been so "unfortunate," as he called it himself—so "tortured," as the Lord Chancellor put it—by his marriage relations; for his grandfather, the famous "Lord John" of our ancestors, and his own father, the Lord Amberley of more recent times, were singularly fortunate in their unions. Lord John Russell in one of his letters tells his wife that the French Ambassador had specially desired to be informed as to what made the British Minister so dull and silent: "He could not believe me when I told him that it was because my wife was not well; he thought it must be some European complication!" Lord and Lady Amberley, too, agreed closely in opinion, which was a little remarkable, as they were "advanced Radicals," an unusual thing for persons of their station. Lady Amberley was a daughter of that interesting and philanthropic *grande dame* the late Lady Stanley of Alderley. The latest point in marriage law that Lord Russell illustrates is of course very satisfactory—namely, that a man unhappy in his marriage cannot relieve himself of it by the simple process of going to live in the United States for a short time. The States differ among themselves in regard to their law about marriage as much as any separate two countries can do. Many persons there are opposed to the laxity with which this most serious of ties can be dissolved in certain States—so much so that an influential society in America is now endeavouring to obtain an inter-State law of divorce of a more severe order. But to allow Englishmen to avail themselves at their own pleasure of the lax laws at present prevailing in the Western States would indeed introduce confusion in our midst.

Reverting to the subject of hot-weather foods, on which I wrote a week or two ago, suggesting the more frequent employment of aspic jelly with cold meats embedded therein, I have pleasure in giving a simple and practical recipe for making the savoury jelly, that will be found appetising and refreshing as well as being in itself nourishing. It is known as "Jelly à la Lemco." Put into a stewpan one quart of cold water or veal stock, the rind of half a lemon, four cloves, a dessertspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of peppercorns, a dessertspoonful of tarragon vinegar, a small onion, a sprig of parsley. Let these simmer for an hour; then add two ounces of leaf gelatine and the well-beaten whites and shells of three eggs. Let all this come to the boil, taking off the scum rising to the top; then draw aside the pan and cover it for five minutes. Pour a little boiling water through a jelly-bag; then strain the jelly through it and add a teaspoonful of Lemco—otherwise Liebig's Extract of Meat. This addition will both colour and flavour the aspic, and



PEARL NECKLACE, SOLD FOR £20,000.

Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, Limited, the well-known jewellers, are now the possessors of this superb six-row pearl necklace, which was sold recently at Messrs. Christie's for £20,000. The necklace, it is stated, was purchased at the auction by the three leading wholesale pearl merchants in London, and was by them in turn sold to Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. It was formerly the property of a French lady of rank, and was disposed of for the purpose of family division.

make it nourishing, but a drop or two of browning may be needed to give it the proper tint; it should be only a straw-colour, however. When this jelly is nearly cold it can be poured, to finish setting, on a soup-plate, round thin cutlets previously fried, or small roasted birds, or into a mould round shrimps, or fragments of chicken, or hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; then put in a cold place, on ice if possible, to finish setting, when it can be turned out of the mould. It will be probably chosen in preference to any hot dish at lunch in these dog-days. Even for serving up slices of cold meat, especially cold



BLUE SERGE YACHTING-DRESS STRAPPED WITH WHITE.

veal, a little savoury jelly as above is a great improvement; it can be cut in shaped bits, diamonds or squares or straws, and laid as a garnish round the dish, and will at once make it popular.

Workmanlike and sensible yachting and boating gowns are seen in our Illustrations. They are both built of the ever-useful blue serge. The one made with a bolero is trimmed with white braid. The natty little belt holds in place a full white shirt of batiste or linen, and the buttons that decorate the bodice are brass, and can bear the initial of the wearer's name or the device of the club. The other gown is strapped with white serge, and has a tucked yoke of white flannel or cashmere, and a blue crêpe sash with fringed ends. A blue serge costume in preparation for Cowes has been shown me. It has a little bolero that at the back not merely reaches the waist, but extends itself into postilion-tails there, falling over the skirt; it is then sloped off towards the front, and appears beneath the arms as quite short; it fastens invisibly on the chest by means of a strap underneath. The vest is of a soft purple silk that tones wonderfully well with the blue, and there is a swathed belt, not very high, of gold galloon, that passes all round the waist, but is hidden at the extreme back under the coat-tails. The skirt is plain, simply stitched several times round the foot, and finished underneath with a deep frill of a purple silk. Another blue serge has a Greek key-design round the skirt in black taffetas outlined with a cord of black and gold mixed. The bolero is trimmed in a similar way, and opens widely right down the front to show a vest of white muslin tucked very finely and decorated with a line of black-and-gold embroidery between each two tucks. Yet another dress for the same occasion is in black fine serge, having a shaped flounce headed by a line of white silk braid. The vest is of black-and-white striped silk cut so as to form V-shaped points or vandykes down the centre of the figure; the same silk is used as a belt.

To as large an extent as possible the King and Queen are graciously continuing the royal warrants to firms who have served the Court for many years past. Messrs. Day and Martin, the manufacturers of the well-known blacking, have held an appointment to the Sovereign ever since 1831, and the King has been pleased to renew it. Messrs. John Brinsmead, Limited, have been appointed pianoforte manufacturers to their Majesties.—FILOMENA.





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WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE MOUNT.

## PICTURESQUE WARWICKSHIRE.

Kenilworth Castle, Warwick Castle, Guy's Cliff, and Stratford-on-Avon have long been names to conjure with at holiday times, and this season they are more so than ever. Shakspeare's birthplace was visited by 32,000 people last year; and though no other name can attract like that, the scenes intimately associated with Queen Elizabeth, with Amy Robsart, with John of Gaunt, with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with Warwick the Kingmaker, and a host of others have an historic charm to add to those charms of natural beauty which they abundantly possess. From Kenilworth to which the London and North-



OLD MILL AT GUY'S CLIFF.

Western Railway now runs a day trip from Euston on Wednesdays—a drive of six miles takes the holiday-maker to Warwick Castle, and you stop at that picturesque half-way house, Guy's Cliff, consisting of a castle, a park, and a mill. Warwick would hardly be Warwick without its castle, and thanks to the good nature of Lord and Lady Warwick, strangers are made welcome to wander through it on easy conditions. The castle at Warwick is not the only sight to be seen, for there are few things more interesting than the Leicester Hospital for veterans, with its quaint court and chapel. The guide to this house, with his connected description, which will not suffer interruption, is himself a character worthy of acquaintance.



By Royal Warrant of Appointment.

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# THE AEOLIAN

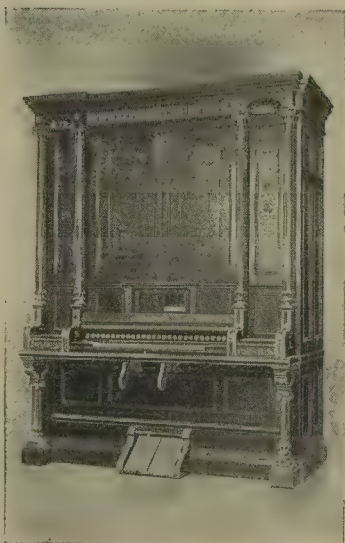
A Solo orchestra requiring no musical knowledge on the part of the player, yet rendering music enjoyable to the most critical and esthetic tastes.

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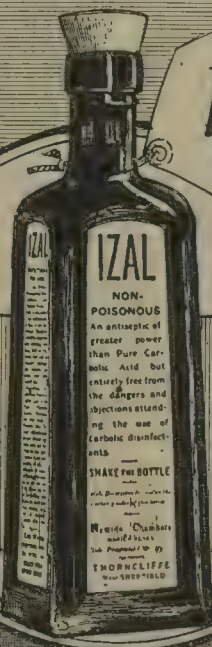
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Sept. 6, 1897) of Mr. Reuben Spencer, of Darley Hall, Stretford, Manchester, who died on May 22, was proved on July 17 by Laban Spencer, the brother, William Frederick Bewley, Thomas Kendall, and William Allen Marsden, the executors, the value of the estate being £209,337. The testator gives £1000, his household furniture, and the income of £30,000, to his wife, Mrs. Martha Spencer; £1000 to the annuity fund of the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Provident Society; £500 each to the Home for Female Penitents, Hulme, the Royal Infirmary, Manchester, Owens College, the Warehousemen and Clerks' Orphan Home, and the Lancashire Independent College, Whalley Range; £250 each to the Manchester Congregational Church and School Building Fund, the Cancer Pavilion, the Northern Counties Hospital for Incurables, the Victoria Dental Hospital, the Royal Eye Hospital, and the Boys and Girls' Refuge, Strangeways; £200 to the Girls' Institute, Ancoats; and £100 each to the Surgical Aid Society and Rylands and Co. Packers' and Porters' Fund. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his children.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1900), with a codicil (dated May 25, 1901), of Mr. Henry John Barrett, of Swakeleys, near Uxbridge, who died on June 5, was proved on July 12 by Ashley William Barrett, Henry John Barrett, and Frederick Walter Barrett, the nephews, the value of the estate being £195,776. The testator gives his interest in Swakeleys, with the household furniture, pictures, horses and carriages, and the income of one third of his residuary estate, to his wife, Lady Maud Barrett, these benefits to be in addition to those of her marriage settlement; £25,000 to his nephew Ashley William; £9000, upon trust,

for his nephew Arthur Percy; £10,000 each to the other children of his brother Ashley Wilmot Barrett; £200 each to the London Hospital and the Dental Hospital (Leicester Square); £300 to the Vicar of Blackmore, Essex, for the spire of the church; and legacies to servants and others. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother

one of the executors, the value of the estate being £123,823. He gives £100 and the income during her widowhood of all his property to his wife, Mrs. Jane Arabella Laing. Subject thereto, his property is to be divided in equal shares between his children.

The will (dated Oct. 11, 1898) of Mr. Thomas Bladworth, of Whitgift Hall, near Goole, York, who died on June 7, was proved on July 16 by John Coulman Bladworth, the son, and George Kenyon, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £91,032. The testator bequeaths his household furniture, the use for life of Whitgift Hall, and the income of £19,000 to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Bladworth; £4000 to, and £6000, upon trust for, his daughter, Mrs. Sarah Darley; and £100 to George Kenyon. On the death of his wife, he gives £7500 to his son John Coulman; £7500, upon trust, for his son Thomas; and £4000, upon trust, for his daughter. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety for his son John, and one moiety, upon trust, for his son Thomas.

The will (dated March 13, 1901) of Mrs. Mary MacSwiney, of 4, Holland Park, who died on May 23, was proved on July 6 by Miss Margaret Helena MacSwiney, the daughter, one of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £71,338. The testatrix bequeaths £50,000, upon trust, for her daughter for life; and then as to £25,000, upon trust, for her granddaughter Mary MacSwiney Sinclair, and the other £25,000 as her daughter shall appoint to

her children, and in default of issue, then for her said granddaughter. Subject to a legacy of £5000 to her granddaughter she leaves the residue of her property to her daughter absolutely.

The will (dated April 17, 1900) of Mrs. Janet Sang, of 24, Kensington Park Gardens, and Pinkneys Lodge, Maidenhead, who died on May 11, was proved on July 15



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "CORNWALLIS" AT BLACKWALL, JULY 17.

The First-Class Armoured Battleship "Cornwallis" was launched at the Thames Iron Works on July 17, the public not being admitted. The vessel is of the "Duncan" class, and is of 14,000 tons.

for life, and then for his brother's children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 2, 1895) of Mr. Arthur Laing, of Thorncliffe, Thornhill Road, Sunderland, vice-chairman of Sir James Laing and Co., Limited, shipbuilders, who died on Nov. 16, was proved on June 29 at the Durham District Registry by Hugh Laing, the brother,

Chairman: J. NEWTON MAPPIN.  
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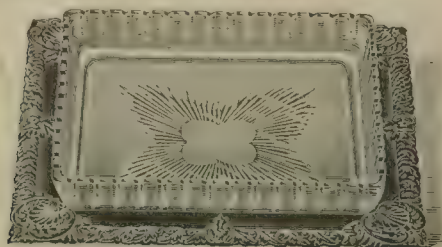
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Butter Dish, in Cut Glass, with "Prince's Plate" Tray and Cover, Ebony Knob, £1 5s. Sterling Silver, £4 5s.



Muffin Dish, in "Prince's Plate," with Hot-water part, £1 15s. Sterling Silver, £3 5s.



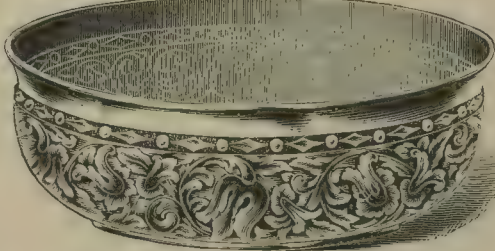
Prince's Plate Stand for Stewed Fruit, with Cut Glass Centre, can also be used as Bread Platter with Wooden Centre, complete £3 5s.



Claret Jug, Plain, all Sterling Silver, Antique Style, £10 10s.



Sterling Silver Salad Servers, with Chased Handles, £3 10s. per pair.



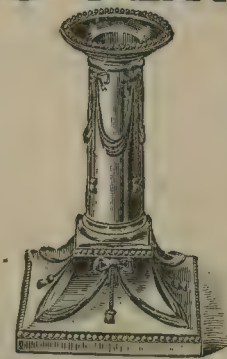
Sterling Silver Salad Bowl, Richly Chased Interior, Richly Gilt, £10.



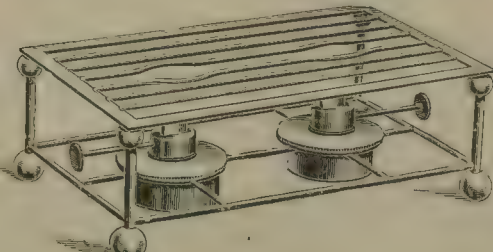
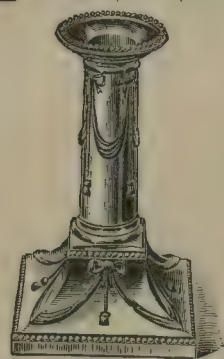
Cut Glass Whisky Bottle with Sterling Silver Mount, £1 10s.



(Registered Design, No. 336,563.) All "Prince's Plate," Double Fruit Stand, with Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, Gilt inside, richly chased, with Servers, complete The same Stand, without Sugar Basin and Cream Jug, complete with Servers ... £6 5s. Individual Dish, with Server ... £4 10s. £1 12s.



Piano Candlesticks, Richly Chased in Relief. Sterling Silver, 5½ in. high, £4. "Prince's Plate," 5½ in. high, £2 8s.



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From a sketch by A. E. Sam, Melbourne, Vic.

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**65, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**



by Stanley Keith and John William Crombie, the executors, the value of the estate being £53,106. The testatrix gives £3,000 each, and an additional £1,000 each if unmarried, to her daughters Mabel Evelyn and Hilda Mary; her residence Pinkneys Lodge, with the furniture, and effects therein to her daughter Lilian Jessie Marion Keith; her other furniture, pictures, plate, etc., to her daughter Mabel Evelyn; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her three daughters.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariat of Argyll, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 27, 1883) of Mr. James Campbell, J.P., D.L., of Jura, N.B., who died at 11, Cornwall Gardens, W., on Feb. 10, granted to Mrs. Mary Campbell and Colonel William Hugh Campbell, was resealed in London on July 10, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £42,545.

The will and codicil of Mr. Sydney Bevan, of 3, Montagu Terrace, Tunbridge Wells, who died on June 22, eldest son of the late C. L. Bevan, were proved on July 16 by Bertrand Yorke Bevan, the nephew, and George Ernest Tabor, the executors, the value of the estate being £18,125.

The will (dated June 6, 1900), with a codicil (dated June 7, 1901), of Dame Octavia Willoughby Beaumont, of 66, Cromwell Road, who died on June 19, was proved on July 13 by Charles Plumtre Johnson and Edward Middleton Johnson, the executors, the value of the estate being £12,196. The testatrix gives £2,000,



MAYORAL CHAIN AND BADGE PRESENTED TO THE BOROUGH OF KENSINGTON.

one hundred shares in "Stratton's Independence, Limited," and her wearing apparel to her maid, Maria Rinne; £100 for charitable purposes at Cole Orton; and small legacies to friends. She appoints £7,000, part of the funds of the settlement executed on her first marriage, to her daughter, Mrs. Eva Violet Christophers, and the remainder of such funds to her grandson, Henry Digby Wallis. The residue of her property she leaves to the People's Palace in East London.

#### KENSINGTON'S CHAIN AND BADGE.

Sir H. Seymour King has shown his practical interest in the borough of Kensington, of which he is the first Mayor, by generously presenting it with a mayoral chain and badge, an example that might well be followed in other districts where the insignia of office have not already been given. The chain has links of Elizabethan character, with the letter K, enamelled in blue and gold, appearing at intervals. The centre link bears in enamelled colours the arms of the donor, and the shields forming the principal links are intended for those of future Mayors. The badge is quatrefoil in shape, and is emblazoned with the arms of the borough of Kensington, enamelled in their proper colours, with the motto, "Quid Nobis Ardui." Both badge and chain were designed and modelled by the royal silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, E.C., and Oxford Street, London, W.



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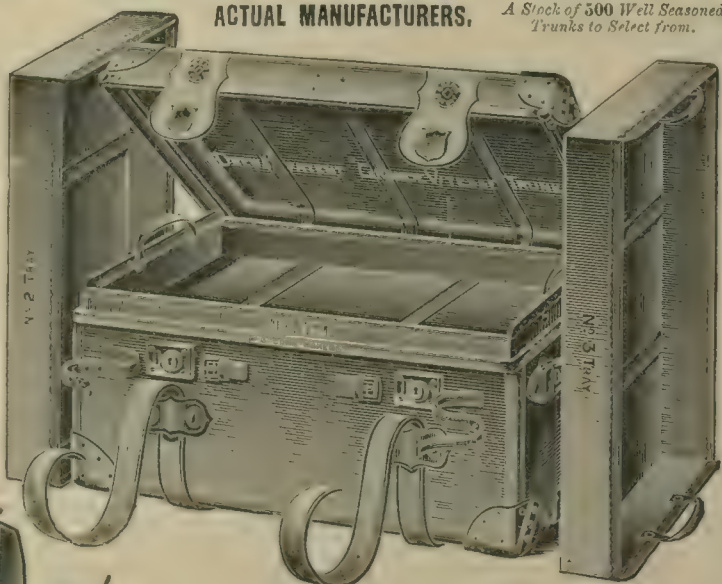
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Ft. in.			Ft. in.			Ft. in.			Ft. in.			Ft. in.			Ft. in.		
9 11	by	7 2	...	4 12	0	11 1	by	8 9	...	6 7	0	13 9	by	10 0	...	8 17	0
10 2	by	6 10	...	4 8	0	11 9	by	8 3	...	6 3	0	13 9	by	10 6	...	9 4	0
10 0	by	7 0	...	4 10	0	11 11	by	8 0	...	6 3	0	13 10	by	10 4	...	9 1	0
10 1	by	7 2	...	4 12	0	11 5	by	8 3	...	6 0	0	13 6	by	10 6	...	9 0	0
10 2	by	7 8	...	5 0	0	11 10	by	8 7	...	6 9	0	13 11	by	10 7	...	9 8	0
10 8	by	7 1	...	4 16	0	12 9	by	9 1	...	7 7	0	13 9	by	11 10	...	9 0	0
10 6	by	7 0	...	4 14	0	12 3	by	9 6	...	7 10	0	13 3	by	9 5	...	8 0	0
10 3	by	7 6	...	4 18	0	12 1	by	7 0	...	5 8	0	13 9	by	8 2	...	7 4	0
10 4	by	7 3	...	4 16	0	13 1	by	9 7	...	8 0	0	13 1	by	10 0	...	8 7	0
11 4	by	8 5	...	6 3	0	13 1	by	8 3	...	6 18	0	14 1	by	11 10	...	9 5	0
11 10	by	8 1	...	6 3	0	13 10	by	10 10	...	9 12	0	14 2	by	11 3	...	10 3	0

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10 6	by	9 0	...	2 5	11
12 0	by	11 3	...	3 6	6
15 0	by	13 6	...	4 18	2

#### NO BORDER TAPESTRY VELVET CARPETS.

SIZE.			PRICE.		
Ft. in.			Ft. in.		
9 0	by	6 9	...	1 12	6
11 0	by	9 0	...	2 8	9
13 0	by	11 3	...	3 14	9
16 6	by	13 6	...	5 10	6

#### NO BORDER AXMINSTER CARPETS.

SIZE.			PRICE.		
Ft. in.			Ft. in.		
10 0	by	6 9	...	2 2	10
12 0	by	9 0	...	3 7	5
13 6	by	11 3	...	4 13	11
15 0	by	13 6	...	6 6	7

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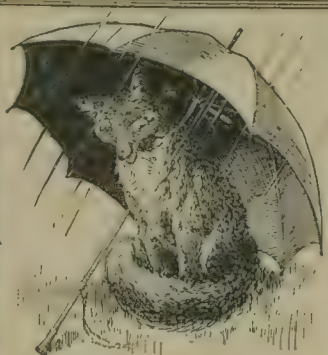
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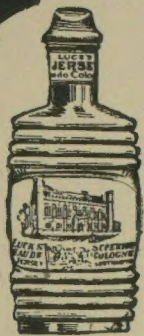
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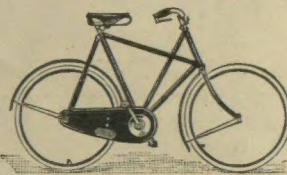
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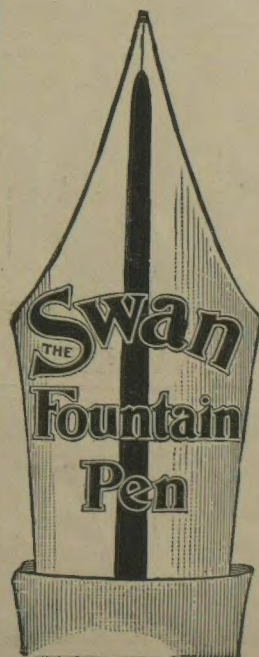
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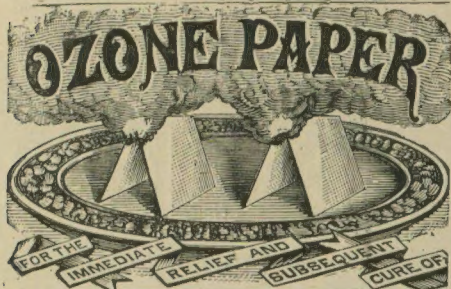


## ROYAL OPERA.

The musical season has reached its penultimate week, and Royal Opera its dying nights. The management of Covent Garden is to be congratulated on the average of excellence this year. The novelties have not been very many: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Messaline," and, lastly, "Le Roi d'Ys." This work of Lalo's was advisedly kept back for last week's hearing, and it served the purpose of giving a flicker of interest to the opera. It

had a phenomenal number of performances in one year in Paris, and is regularly included in the Opera repertoire now. On the first hearing over here it was a little disappointing. The opera was excellently cast in its women. The two sisters, the one gentle and serene, the other passionate and vindictive, were sung respectively by Madame Suzanne Adams and Mdlle. Paquet. M. Plançon sang the King with simple dignity, and M. Jérôme was the rather colourless lover Mylio. Mdlle. Calvé made her last appearance this season

in "Faust" on Saturday, July 20. She has infused Marguerite with a freshness that is irresistible; she departs bravely from all the conventional points of the rôle. Her business is her own, and it is idyllic. From the moment she crosses the stage one feels a shock of anticipatory pleasure—not a gratified sense of repeated memories. Her Marguerite is new to stage traditions, true to artistic conceptions of Goethe's creation. In the Jewel Scene she is at her best. M. Plançon sang Mephistopheles irreproachably, and M. Jérôme Faust.—M. I. H.

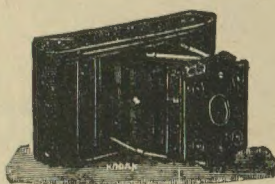


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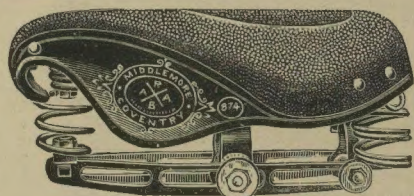
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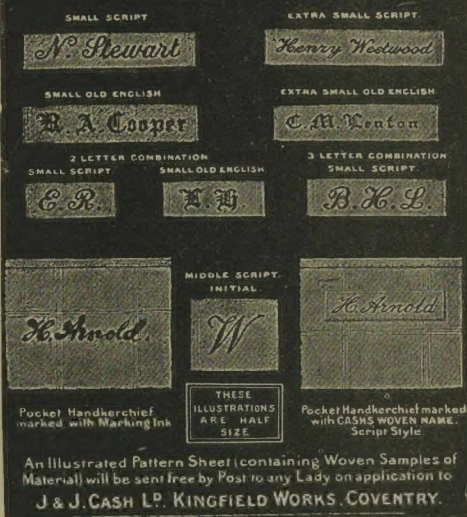
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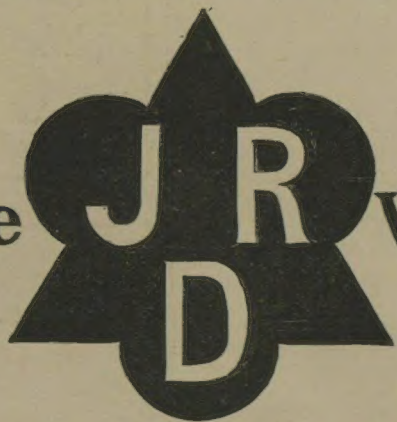
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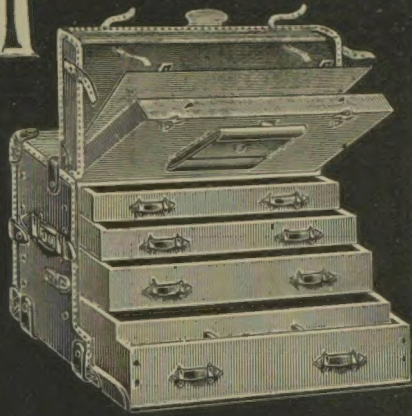
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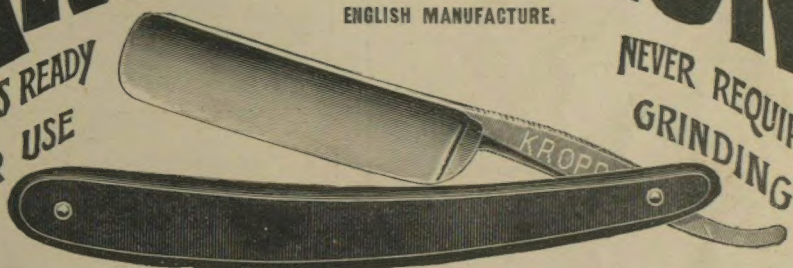
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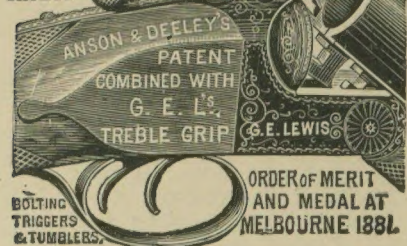


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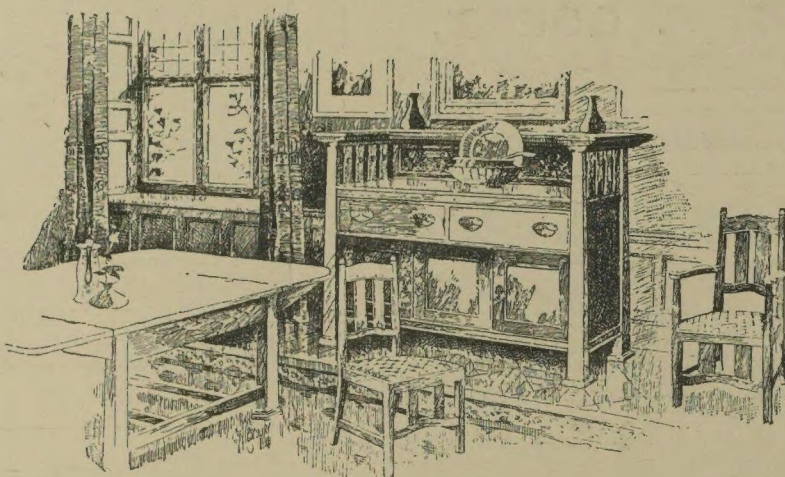
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